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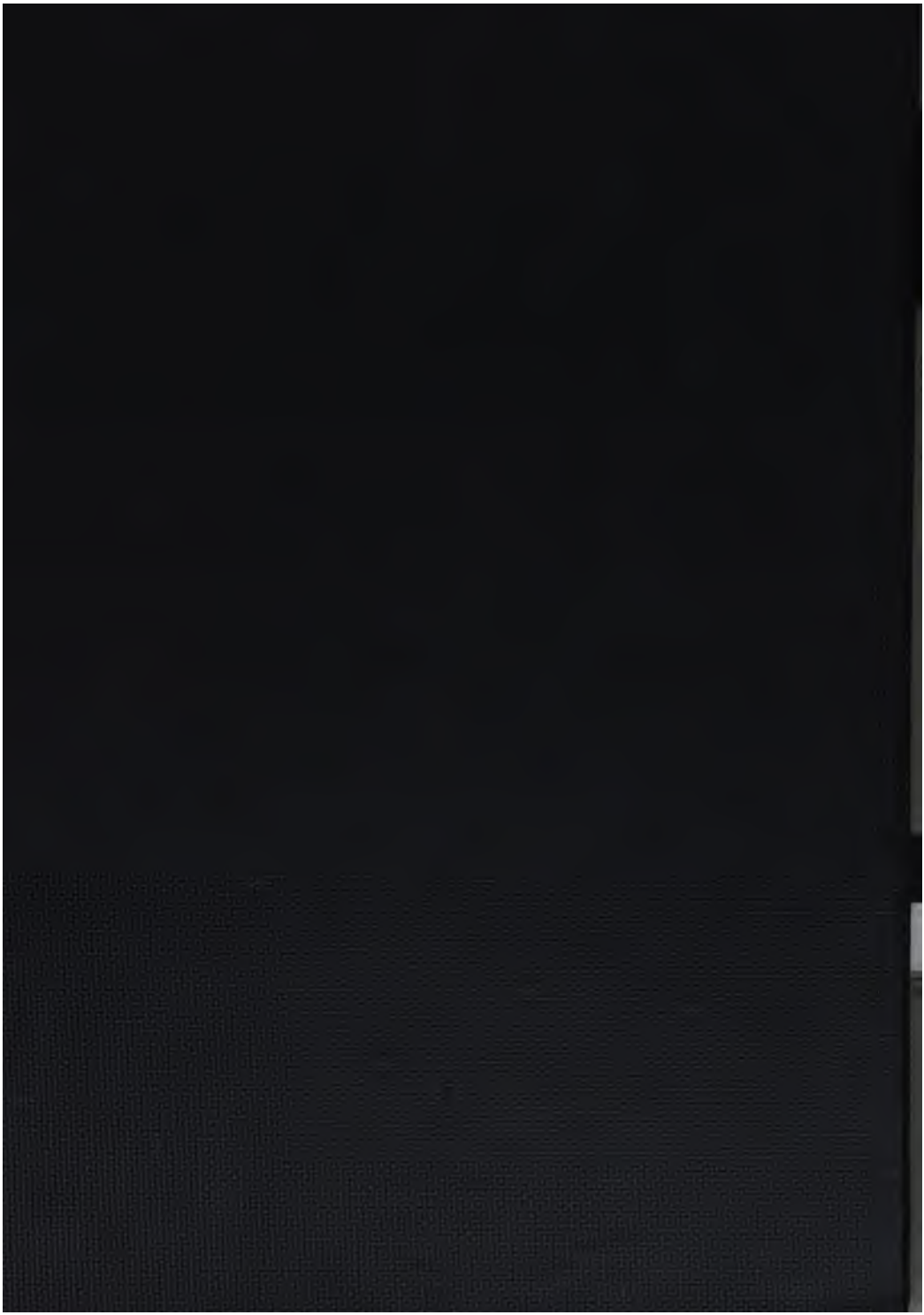

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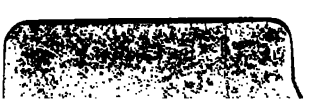

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TOURISTS' GUIDE

TO

DOWN THE HARBOR,

HULL AND NANTASKET,

Downer Landing, Hingham,

Cohasset, Marshfield,

Scituate, Duxbury,

"The Famous Jerusalem Road,"

"HISTORIC PLYMOUTH,"

COTTAGE CITY,

MARTHA'S VINEYARD,

NANTUCKET,

AND THE

SUMMER RESORTS OF CAPE COD

AND

The South Shore of Massachusetts.

THE OLD COLONY NEWSROOM EDITION.

JOHN F. MURPHY, - - - PUBLISHER.

BOSTON, 1890.

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PREFACE.

IT is believed that this GUIDE will furnish to the Tourist, in a convenient form, and at a low price, information concerning the region of which it treats, which he can obtain in no other single publication extant.

One merit only is claimed for the GUIDE: namely, its honesty of purpose. It has been written with the sole desire to give to the reader facts which shall prove of real value to him.

Notwithstanding the care which has been used in arranging the GUIDE for publication, occasional errors of minor consequence may very likely be found. Anyone who may discover any such, will confer a favor by addressing the author care of the publishers of the GUIDE.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1890.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL the localities mentioned in the GUIDE are reached either by the Old Colony Railroad and its connections, or by the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Line. In view of frequent summer changes in time, particularly in the case of the steamboat company, it has been thought inadvisable to print any time-tables in the GUIDE. The reader is therefore referred to the Boston daily papers for particulars concerning the running of the steamboat line, and to the printed time-tables of the Old Colony Railroad Company, which are obtainable in Boston at No. 3 Old State House, or at the station at the corner of South and Kneeland Streets.

BOSTON HARBOR AND NANTASKET.

OF the many attractions of Boston, those peculiar to the harbor are pre-eminent in the summer season. The greatest of these is undoubtedly NANTASKET BEACH, to which, it is supposed, the reader of these pages is tending. If for the first time, what a revelation of beauty, and if for a repeated visit, with what joyous anticipations of pleasure.

Boston's harbor is noted for its beauty; and as the tired, sickly sewing girl, and the weary, hard-worked clerk sit upon the deck of the steamer and feel the cool, fresh breeze, while they watch the moving panorama about them, their love for the beautiful is being satisfied, at the same time that the invigorating sea air is brightening their cheeks and giving a new impetus to the sluggish blood which sends it bounding through the veins.

Before entering upon any description of Nantasket Beach, it is proper to say a word respecting the means of reaching it.

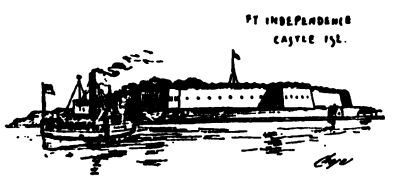
Although the Old Colony Railroad furnishes quick transportation between Boston and Nantasket, the route following the curve of the shore, it goes without saying, that the greater part of the tourists who turn first their thoughts, and then their faces toward Nantasket will vote in favor of the steamers that ply between Boston and the beach. It is well that this should be so, for no small part of the pleasure of a trip to the shore lies in the "sail down the bay."

Rowe's wharf, from whence the steamers of the Nantasket Beach Steamboat Company depart, is numbered 340 Atlantic Avenue and is reached by horse cars from all railroad stations and other principal points. The wharf which, by the way is the finest in the city, is built on what was formerly known as Fort Point, and was called the Old Sconce or South Battery, it being the first fort erected in Boston after the settlement.

Starting from the wharf, the boat immediately enters the stream of the main ship channel, and the first point coming into view on the north-east is Noddle Island, taking its name from William Noddle, the "Honest Man from Salem." This island is now called EAST BOSTON. Looking to the southward, a long neck of land comes into view. This is SOUTH BOSTON, called by the Indians Mattapannock. A large square building which is seen on the heights was erected in 1834 for a summer resort, under the name of the Mount Washington House, but for more than forty years it has been occupied by the Perkins School for the Blind. These heights are known in history as Dorchester Heights, and were a strong position of offense and defense, as was proved when taken possession of by Washington in March, 1776. In the nearer waters several gray, old hulks are moored, containing reserve stocks of powder and other explosives. Pursuing a south-easterly course, we find Bird Island Shoal on the left, which is distinguished by a beacon on the easterly end. The shoal, which is composed of loose stones seen only at low tide water, is all that remains of Bird Island, which was used in the olden time as a place of execution for pirates. The next island, to the north-east is Governor's or WINTHROP'S ISLAND. The fort erected on the base of the hill on this island is called Fort Winthrop, and is the strongest fortress in the harbor, although very little can be seen from the water front, as the batteries are mostly underground, and connected with the citadel by underground passages. The island derives its name from Governor Winthrop, to whom it was given at a very early period in the history of Boston, by the colonial

legislature. The island continued in the possession of the Winthrop family until 1808, when a portion was sold to the government for the purpose of erecting a fort thereon. This, when built, was called Fort Warren in honor of Gen. Joseph Warren. Since then, another fort has been erected on George's Island, and this name was transferred to it.

The next island which is passed, and lying to the south of the steamer's course is CASTLE ISLAND. It is situated almost opposite Fort Winthrop. On this island is Fort Independence, easily recognized by the granite fortress and earthworks, that almost cover the land. The original fortifications were erected nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the first being a mud fort which stood for several years. This was replaced by one of trees and earth, and a small brick castle that cost four thousand pounds.



When the British evacuated Boston, they destroyed Castle William, as it was then called; but after the Provincial forces took possession, they repaired it and its name was changed to Fort Independence in 1797, President John Adams being present on the occasion. This island was for years noted as a duelling ground. On the glacis of the fort is now standing a memorial of one of these unfortunate affairs, on which is the following inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT
ON THE 25th DEC. 1817
FELL
LIEU. ROBERT F. MASSIE
AGED 21 YEARS.

The fort was used as a prison previous to the state prison being built in 1805, and during our late civil war, a number of

deserters were court-martialed and executed there. Castle Island is destined to become a very beautiful part of Boston's extensive park system.

APPLE ISLAND, with the diversified shores and villages of Winthrop just beyond, will now be observed to the north-east about a mile distant, its smooth green slopes and graceful trees, forming a most pleasant object. THOMPSON ISLAND, about a mile to the right, is the next in view. This is one of the best cultivated, and most fruitful islands in the harbor, and was occupied by David Thompson, before the settlement of Boston. Here he established a trading post with the Massachusetts Indians, whose principal village was on Neponset River, a short distance from the island. The Farm School, established by private individuals, to give poor but deserving boys a good, common school education and a knowledge of farming, is situated on this island. Passing Thompson Island, we come to SPECTACLE ISLAND, being formed of two peninsulars, connected by a short bar, which is only visible at low water. The island contains about sixty acres of land, and takes its name from its fancied resemblance to a pair of spectacles. In 1634, it was rented to the city of Boston for one shilling. In 1717, there was erected there a "pest house for the reception and entertainment of sick persons coming from beyond the sea, and in order to prevent the spreading of infection." In 1736, the hospital was removed to Rainsford's Island.

The next island eastward is LONG ISLAND, so called from its being longer than any other island in the harbor, being a mile and three quarters in length, and one quarter of a mile in breadth.

In 1847, a land company was formed, a wharf and hotel built, and a speedy settlement of the island was predicted. This anticipation was never realized however, and at the present time the greater part of the island is owned by the city of Boston, and their institutions for the care of the male paupers of the city are located here. Until within a few years there was a thriving village of Portuguese fishermen on Long Island. On the northerly end of the island, is a bluff, eighty feet high, upon which is an iron lighthouse, twenty-two feet high, and a comfortable stone dwelling for the keeper.

LONG ISLAND LIGHT is one of the most important in the harbor. It stands about one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and shows a fixed white light composed of nine burners, and can be seen fifteen miles at sea. Redoubts were thrown up by Washington on this bluff, and also, at Hull, to drive the British fleet from the lower harbor, after the evacuation of Boston. These batteries opened fire simultaneously, and after a brisk cannonading on both sides, the squadron set sail. In place of this old redoubt, there now stands a formidable fort of improved construction, with walls of great thickness, bomb-proofs and other defences. The low green mounds on the top of the cliff, all that can be seen of the fortifications, give little idea of its strength. The handsome sea wall, around the head of the island was built by the Government, at an expense of $150,000. Long Island was much used during the war of the rebellion, and many regiments went into camp there.

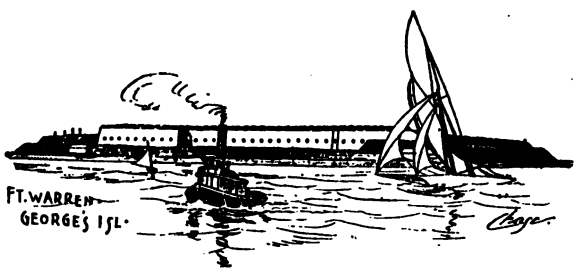
DEER ISLAND, which can be seen directly north, takes its name from the fact, that large numbers of deer were found there. It is now used by the city for its reformatory institutions.

Pursuing the channel course we next approach NIX'S MATE. Black, drear, ominous and mysterious enough to give credence to any story, is the pyramid erected on Nix's Mate to warn pilots of the rock and shoal where once was an island of twelve acres. It is a massive piece of copper-riveted masonry, forty feet

square, and twelve feet high, (with stairs on one side) upon whose top stands a black wooden pyramid, twenty feet high.

It is close to the ship channel, and in sight of every vessel entering or leaving the harbor. "What's that?" is the involuntary question which every stranger asks. "Nix's Mate," is the reply; but always something more is desired, so the common tradition is here repeated. This black spot was once an island of twelve acres of arable land, and was used for grazing sheep, as green a spot as any island in the harbor. About 150 years ago, it was the place selected for the execution of pirates, and those convicted of crimes committed upon the ocean, because all sailors could see the bodies of such sea robbers, dangling in chains from the gibbets, and take warning from the grim sight. There are a couple of "yarns" that are regularly spun concerning the curious island — or more properly speaking — shoal, and while the writer does not vouch for their authenticity, he will here give them to the reader, as having contributed in no small degree to render Nix's Mate one of the most interesting sights in the harbor. One story is, that the mate of a certain captain, by the name of Nix, was executed upon the place for killing his master.

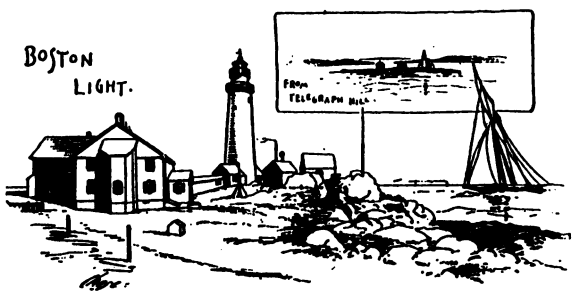
The other is, that Nix had been at one time connected with some piratical enterprise, and that his mate being captured, was here doomed to death. In either case, the story goes, that the mate protested his innocence, and in proof thereof he asserted, that in a certain number of years, the island would be entirely washed away. This is the popular story, but the historian will spoil it all by proving that the land was known as Nix's Island long before the date of the execution spoken of, and that it had probably even then, begun wasting, for the record made in 1636, read as follows:— "There is twelve acres of land granted to John Gallup, upon Nix's Island, to enjoy to him and his heirs forever, if the land be so much." A bell buoy, giving a deep, ominous sound, is placed near Nix's Mate, to warn vessels at night of this dangerous shoal.



GALLUP'S ISLAND on the left, was named after Capt. John Gallup, a noted Boston pilot, who, in addition to his house in the city, had quite a farm on Long Island, and a sheep pasture on Nix's Mate, and also cultivated the rich land of Gallup's Island. In olden time, the farmers here supplied the ships in Nantasket Roads with vegetables, milk, and pure spring water. Gallup's Island is now owned by the city of Boston, and is used as a quarantine hospital.

RAINSFORD ISLAND on the right, is also owned by the city of Boston, and the large building that you see upon it, is the institution used by the city, for the care of its female paupers.

LOVELL'S ISLAND on the right, the scene of many a shipwreck, is next in view. The bar at the extreme westerly end of the island is called Man-of-War Bar, on account of the loss of the French frigate *Magnifique* at this point, and where its skeleton is visible to this day. South of Lovell's Island lies GEORGE'S ISLAND, on which Fort Warren, built in 1850, the key to the harbor, and its strongest defense, stands. It was at this fort that the two Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, were



confined, until given up to the English government. During the war it was used as a prison for guerillas and others of the most desperate rebel prisoners, whom the government intended to keep during the war, and not exchange.

That white body and black top lighthouse away to the left, is the well known BOSTON LIGHT. The first lighthouse was built in 1715, it was much injured by fire in 1751, and was struck several times by lightning. During the Revolution it also fared hard. The present lighthouse was erected in 1783, but has been several times refitted since then with improved apparatus; and

in 1860, the old tower was raised in height, it now measuring 98 feet above the sea level. The white tower with its black lantern and revolving light, can be seen at a distance of sixteen nautical miles, if the weather be fair and the sky clear, and is an imposing object when viewed from vessels on entering or leaving the harbor. The group of islands near the light, are called the BREWSTERS, while just back of Fort Warren rises BUG LIGHT, a small, octagon house set upon stilts. But we are nearing our landing place, and on our right PEDDOCK'S ISLAND, nearly a mile in length, becomes the most conspicuous object in our view, and forms quite a picturesque and peaceful scene, but it was once the location of a terrible tragedy. Before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a French ship came here to trade with the Indians for beaver skins, and anchored off the island named in honor of Leonard Peddock, who had previously landed here. The Frenchmen gave offence to the natives, who set upon them, and being taken by surprise, their vessel was captured and burned, and all but five of the sailors were massacred. These were badly treated, and only one lived to tell the tale.

In 1634, Peddock's Island was granted to Charlestown for twenty-one years, at an annual rental of twenty shillings, but in 1635, the rent was reduced to twelve pence. The island affords fine pasturage, and there is a fine orchard upon it owned by the Cleverlys, who for more than fifty years have lived upon it acting as pilots to Quincy and Weymouth.

Three small islands, called respectively Sheep, Grape and Slate Island, lie south-east of Peddock's in the order named.

They are quite bare of inhabitants, but form pleasant objects in the panorama seen from the steamer's deck.

With Peddock's Island on the south-west we now pass through the narrow, rushing strait of Hull Gut, and land at Windmill Point, or Pemberton, where the excursionist can connect with the cars of the Nantasket Beach Railroad, for all points along the beach, up to Old Colony House Station, on the South Shore Division of the Old Colony Railroad. In front of us looms up HOTEL PEMBERTON; it is in that quaint form of architecture for which good Queen Anne has been held responsible. This hotel has nearly three hundred rooms, and is a favorite resort with the traveling public. The ground upon which Hotel Pemberton stands was once covered with extensive salt works, but the venture did not pay, and about fifty years ago a hotel, the Mansion House, was erected from the materials, but in 1871 it was destroyed by fire.

From nature unadorned, however, our attention is quickly taken to where it is adorned with fanciful architectural conceits in the way of summer residences, for right before us lies the

ANCIENT TOWN OF HULL,

Where houses really dating back to Queen Anne's time can be seen, with modern temples erected to her memory, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. Hull has a history, and the handful of inhabitants of this ancient hamlet have lived much

in the public eye. Especially intelligent must they have been, and active in keeping abreast with popular sentiment, for politicians have waited for Hull's prophetic vote even when it numbered but seven, and the saying became traditional, "As goes Hull so goes the state." As early as 1622 the first settlers came to what is now Hull, in the persons of Thomas and John Gray and Walter Knights, buying the peninsular from the Indians and building their homes near Nantasket. The name Hull first appears in 1644 and history says it was derived from the Yorkshire seaport Kingston-upon-Hull, but others say it was named after Joseph Hull of Hingham. The closely clustered cottages on the hill at Hull show how valuable land is considered there and display much architectural beauty. Hull Basin is a favorite resort of yachtsmen, and the Hull Yacht Club is one of the largest in the United States. Its elegant club house was erected in 1890, and the numerous yachts, as graceful as swans, can be seen floating on the tranquil waters of this inner harbor.

THE OREGON HOUSE, in Hull village, was built in 1848; has received several additions during the last five years, and still retains its old "habitues," who have come hither almost every summer for a quarter of a century. Of the other hotels in Hull, the Pemberton, the St. Cloud, the Nantasket, and the East End are the chief.

The ancient village church stood by the pond, but was destroyed many years ago. Since the Revolution, religious

services have been held irregularly in this smallest of Yankee parishes and no minister settled here from 1772 to 1881. Where now stands the handsome cottage of John Boyle O'Reilly, formerly stood one of the first houses built in Hull, and in the yard is the grave of a British soldier, wounded in the attack on the lighthouse in 1775, and brought ashore by the victorious Americans.

The Nantasket House, alongside this mansion, was built in 1675 by Col. Robert Gould, and the quaint old post office near by was the birthplace of Col. Amos Binney, for many years naval agent at Boston.

In the last war, Hull contributed more than her quota, sending twenty-four men to the army and navy out of a population of two hundred and eighty-four. In 1759, when the militia was enrolled, she reported eight able-bodied men, "and no more;" although even then her people boasted that "Hull had thirty-three houses when Boston had but one."

Volumes have been written and many more might be written on the settlers of this little peninsular. Some of the founders of the best New England families made their homes here, as will be seen from the names of Prince, Pemberton, Veasie, Haswell, Gould, Binney and Loring occuring in the early records. Many and varied have been the purposes of the early settlers, as King's Handbook of Boston Harbor concisely states:—

"Within a quarter of a millennium this obscure Massachusetts peninsular has successively been a desolation, a feeble Episcopal plantation, a Puritan fishing port, a Continental fortress, a French camp, a wrecker's colony, a semi-Dalmatian maritime hamlet, a Yankee village and an opulent American summer resort."

But in our stroll we have passed through Hull village, and are again in sight of the smiling waters of the bay. In the distance we can see Hingham, while the roofs and towers of Nantasket's great hotels are also within our range of vision. A little

further along the street, we come to an old graveyard on the slope of the hill, the oldest monument there bearing the date of 1708. Here and there one can see memorial slabs to men who were lost at sea, and many marking the spot where lie those washed up during the wintry storms. A few moments' walk

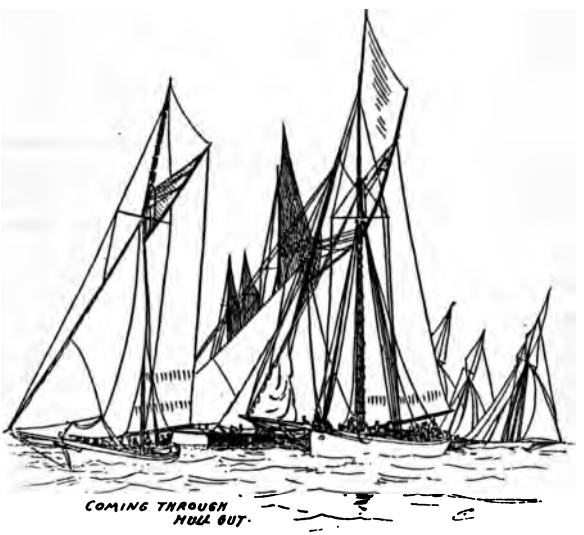
brings us to the top of the highest of Hull's three hills, called Telegraph Hill, the summit of which is surmounted by the remains of the old French fort, whose walls, bastions and works are still well preserved. Here also is a well 90 feet deep, from which the occupants of the fort hoped to get water should they be invested on all sides. Many a cannon shot has been fired from this old fort at the British frigates that sailed up the harbor in old Revolutionary time, and many a British sailor has received his eternal discharge thereby. A quaint little house with a tower two stories high, stands inside this fort, and is now used to signal to Boston the approach of vessels. Years ago, before the advent of the electric telegraph, a system of flag signals was in use, the merchants of Boston having a set of one hundred and twelve private signals, each one a different flag. When a ship arrived,

the owner's color was run up at Hull, repeated on an island in the harbor, again shown on Central Wharf, and finally at the old State House. This cumbrous system has been superseded, but where, alas, is the once proud merchant marine. At the present time, marine news is sent over a wire every half hour to the Boston Merchant's Exchange. The operator reports the approach of all steamers, West Indian and square-rigged vessels, but ignores fishing craft and small coasters.

Telegraph Hill was fortified by Washington, and, as we have seen, its battery helped to drive away the British fleet. On the 17th of July, 1776, the news reached the town of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, and a salute of thirteen guns, one for each of the states, was fired from this very hill. Should the nation ever become involved in war, it would be absolutely necessary to fortify this point, since an enemy's battery planted here could destroy the "key of the harbor," Fort Warren, in very short order. The view from this hill is magnificent, especially toward sunset. It includes all the North Shore resorts from Revere to nearly the end of Cape Ann, the South Shore, Cohasset and Hingham, the long graceful curve of Nantasket beach with its numberless hotels and cottages, the islands in the harbor, the Blue Hills in the distance, and the masses of buildings which culminate in the gilded dome of the State House.

Near the foot of the hill, on one side toward the open sea, stood the cemetery of the French army which was quartered in and about the deserted village, during the Revolutionary war. Here, if the local traditions are not at fault, several hundreds of our gallant allies were buried, after the fatal prevalence of an

epidemic. Almost at our feet lies the "Stony Beach" Station, of the Old Colony Railroad, where we will soon take the cars for Nantasket, and near it is a station of the United States Life Saving Service, fitted with every appliance that modern ingenuity can suggest, to save the lives of those who may be so unfortu-



nate as to be shipwrecked upon these shores, one of the most dangerous spots in the whole New England coast. This station, commanded by CAPT. JOSHUA JAMES, one of the famous crew of "Life Savers of Hull," whose deeds while in the service of the Humane Society, have been recognized by almost numberless testimonials.

Capt. James is one of the heroes whom the United States government has recognized for his bravery in rescuing persons

from shipwrecked vessels. He has been rewarded by the government and by the Massachusetts Humane Society with gold, silver and bronze medals, one which he values, perhaps, as highly as any of them, and which intrinsically is worth not far from $150.00, is a special gold medal, given him by Act of Congress, by the United States government, bearing these inscriptions: "To Joshua James, for Signal Heroism at Wreck of the Schooner Gertrude Abbot, Nov. 25, 1888;" and on the other side, "In Testimony of Heroic Deeds in Saving Life from the Perils of the Sea." Another gold medal, bearing the inscription, "To Capt. Joshua James, for humane exertions in rescuing the lives of 29 persons from five wrecked vessels, Nov. 25 and 26, 1888," was presented to him by the Humane Society, for services in the same great storm. The same society also, remembered Capt. James, with a bronze medal in 1850, one of gold in 1857, and several of silver, the most prominent among them being the one awarded in 1886, "For brave and faithful service for more than forty years in the life boats of the Humane Society." But our train is at the station and while it is bearing us onward to Nantasket, we will briefly point out a few objects of interest on the way. A ride of a few minutes brings us to POINT ALLERTON Station and the large hill on our left bears the same name. Historians claim that this point of land was visited by the Norsemen in their galleys during the early part of the eleventh century, and that it is the identical "Krossaness" where the Viking Thorwald was slain and buried in the year 1004. He had coursed, so runs the story, from Iceland to Greenland and down the coast of Labrador, passing Newfoundland to Cape Cod and then turning toward the main land, discovered this wooded promontory, where he decided to fix his abode. Being fatally wounded by an arrow in the hands of the aborigines, he requested that he might be buried there, and two crosses be erected to mark the spot, which was accordingly done. In 1621, Captain Myles Standish, from Plymouth, landed

here and found lobsters of a superior quality gathered by the Indians, which he bought for a few beads. Point Allerton, which stretches out like a bent arm to protect the inner harbor, has been the scene of many a disastrous shipwreck. The Charity of Dartmouth, one of the first relief ships of the Boston Colony, was about the first to suffer on these shores. In 1636, the bark Warwick, carrying ten guns was wrecked here, and remains of her were to be seen as late as 1804. A history of the harbor speaks as follows:—

"During two and a half centuries the sea has thrown many a costly sacrifice on this altar, sweeping off their rich cargoes and their gallant crews into the deep outer gulf. There are grim old time traditions of false lights having been displayed on the Point, with intent to lure vessels to destruction. But the dangers of this rocky elbow, with its long bars projecting like traps, need no human malignity to give them fatal power.

A year after, the Helen went ashore on the Point in a heavy sea, but her crew was saved by the "Hull Life Savers."

A list of the vessels that have gone ashore on this point would fill this book, and so only a few of those that have been wrecked of recent years, will be cited. In 1870 an Italian bark was cast up on the Point and all but one of the crew perished miserably. It was here that the Massasoit, just entering the harbor, returning from a weary voyage to Calcutta was lost with her cargo and part of the crew. In 1872 the bark Kadosh from Manila went ashore in a blinding snow-storm and her captain and seven sailors drowned. In the same storm the ship Peruvian was wrecked, and her cargo, valued at $1,000,000, lost.

The next important elevation of Hull is STRAWBERRY HILL, plainly seen from the car window, and easily recognized by the old barn on the summit, which is a well known coast mark for pilots off the coast. On this site, a barn containing eighty tons

of hay was burned in 1775 "to grieve the British garrison of Boston," and the harbor was splendidly illuminated by these patriotic fires. From this hill, the official surveys and triangulations of the harbor have been made, and the standpipe of the Hingham Water Company is erected there, ninety-seven feet above high water, and giving a pressure of one hundred and forty seven feet, supplying Hull and Nantasket with an abundance of excellent water. The southerly part of this hill, called "Skull Head" must have been the scene of many sanguinary battles, for great quantities of human bones have been found, with arrow-heads, tomahawks and other weapons of war. At Strawberry Hill is erected the Sea Foam Hotel.

The next station on the line of the railroad, KENBERMA, and the centre of a group of handsome cottages, takes its peculiar name from the first syllable of three different names. It is said that the residents of this section, having vainly tried to choose a name acceptable to all, agreed that it should be known as Kenberma, after three children of one of the cottagers, the names of the children being Kenneth, Bertha and Mary.

Just before we reach the thickly settled part of the beach, another large hill is seen upon our right. This hill is known as SAGAMORE HILL, and from its summit one of the finest views imaginable is spread out before you. It was here that "Morton and his ungodly crew" the unregenerate offshoots who caused the Pilgrim Fathers so much trouble and anxiety, held high carnival; and their orgies at "Merry Mount," just across the bay in the townships of Quincy and Weymouth—for the Pilgrims considered their diversions as nothing better than orgies—often included both day and night, and illustrated about every form of human enjoyment. One cannot help thinking, however, that Morton and his crew selected from the fittest when they chose this beautiful spot as their haunting place. But the cars roll into the station and we are at NANTASKET with a world of attractions spread before us. Nantasket, with its beach and surroundings,

has often been called the Coney Island of Boston. Nantasket Beach has become celebrated as one of the finest ocean shores on the United States coast, presenting as it does, more of the elements which make up the grand, the attractive and the complete in border scenery than are often found combined. A writer well says:—

"The surf, pouring inward from the expanse of a great ocean and washing a beach of clearest sands, which glitter in the summer sun-rays and send back in myriad flashing streams the water which never ceases thus to advance and retreat; the enclosing hills, ragged and craggy, with projecting rock-masses upon one side and evenly rounded and verdure-clad upon the other; the endless panorama of life upon the water, constantly in motion and ever-changing in the view; the great ships, cloud-enveloped steamers, and the accompaniment of the lesser variety of the products of naval skill and architecture; the rolling porpoise and the snorting, spouting puffer or finback enlivening the outlook; the light-houses and beacons alternating upon headland, or shoal, or island ledge; all these and many other attractions are found at Nantasket, to say nothing of cool, invigorating breezes, and the proximity to centres which renders its location within such easy reach that its denizens may, within the hour, find themselves in a new atmosphere—a new world in fact."

In summer time this beach is alive along its entire length, not only with the tourists and visitors who make short pilgrimages to its sands, but with dwellers and campers who establish headquarters here, and pass the whole season among its delights. So near the city is it that one can ensconce himself in any of the great hotels, have ample time to attend to his business in Boston and still spend two-thirds of the time in the Nantasket neighborhood, the evenings being, if anything, more interesting than the days.

Forty years ago, Nantasket Beach was practically unknown, the bright landscape, the broad beach of firm, white sand, the rocks, the tossing sea—all these were there in primitive beauty, but for all that, none, save the dwellers in the immediate neighborhood, who found the place a pleasant one for family picnic parties or stray sportsmen, gun on shoulder, who accidently wandered thither, knew anything of the spot. It was back in

the forties that a small hotel or two were built for the accommodation of summer guests. Very difficult must it have been then, one would think, for the owners of these pioneer "shore houses" to see in their modest structures, one of which would hardly make a respectable kitchen for a modern summer hotel, the germs of a great resort, to whose shores in later days should flock by thousands, the physically and mentally weary and heavy-laden, for rest and recuperation. The first steamboat pier was built in 1869 and the boats of the Boston & Hingham Steamboat Company, which had for half a century previous been running to Hingham, began to touch at Nantasket Beach. Those who came once, returned to busy cities, charmed with the spot. They told their friends of the Arcadia which they had discovered. The tens of visitors became scores, and the scores

hundreds, and notably within the past ten years a spirit of enterprise has entered into the very atmosphere of the place, until now the number of tourists who visit the beach during the warm months, are numbered by thousands. In place of the unprententious hotels of the early hosts, now are seen great caravansaries, architecturally beautiful without, and supplied within with every comfort and convenience which a guest may desire. The once barren knolls and hill-sides are covered with handsome cottages, many of which are occupied by Boston's best families. One thing which gives Nantasket Beach no inconsiderable prestige, is the fact that its tone has always been high. Without being a Newport, where none but millionaires find congenial companionship awaiting them, the Beach has

drawn to itself the patronage of the people of moderate means, but of taste and refinement as well. In the parlors and upon the piazzas of its great hotels, silks rustle and diamonds glitter, and women and men whose speech and manners entitle them to the appellation of ladies and gentlemen, promenade and converse, or listen to the music of an evening. It should not be inferred, however, that Nantasket is a spot where a poor man has no place. On the contrary, there is no summer resort known to the writer, where the laboring man and his family can enjoy a day's or a week's outing to more advantage to themselves, or at less expense than here. Nantasket Beach is almost as great a resort —indeed perhaps fully so—after sunset as before. Of a pleasant evening during the warm months, especially if it be moonlight, the steamers and cars are crowded, and great numbers of people promenade upon the beach under the bright glare of the electric lights, listening to the excellent music which is furnished each evening. But from this time we must leave our tourist to discover for himself new pleasures, and find new ties of pleasant remembrance binding him to these shores after each visit. Any sketch of Nantasket, whether by night or by day, must necessarily be but superficial. It has simply been our purpose to point out some of the more salient features of their great resort in a plain and simple manner; and trusting that the information furnished has been of some value to those who have honored these pages with their perusal, we will after a brief history of the Nantasket hotels, bring this sketch to a close.

When landing on Nantasket Beach we look in either direction and see an almost unbroken line of great hotels, we are apt to recall with a smile, the fact that, in 1721 the people of Hull voted in town meeting, "that there should never be a public house in the town." In 1826 a Mr. Worrick opened a small house near the southerly end of Nantasket and called it the "Sportsman." This old inn, the resort of Daniel Webster and other distinguished men during the presidencies of Adams,

Jackson and Tyler, may be considered the pioneer of Nantasket's hotels. From it have sprung the great Rockland, built in 1854, one of the best and most commodious, enjoying a reputation second to none. The Rockland Café situated directly upon the beach at the head of the street leading from the landing and the favorite resort of the great crowds of transients who visit Nantasket. The hotel Nantasket adjoining, the Alladin's palace of this region, in all ways charmingly attractive to the visitors. The Atlantic, crowning the summit of the hill of that name, and one of the largest and most popular hotels on the coast. The New Pacific, a large modern house on a bold bluff over the sea. The Standish, Ocean View and Arlington noted for their clam bakes, the Centre, Park, Waverly and Wentworth, family hotels, whose patrons would consider a season lost that did not find them in their favorite resting places. The Sagamore, Pavilion, Strait's Pond, and a host of other small but neat hotels where one can find all the accommodations needed for a healthful pleasant sojourn, whether for a day or for the season.

Just across the inner bay from Nantasket, and reached by the boats of the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Company, lies

DOWNER LANDING,

Known the country over as one of the most attractive of sea-side resorts, revelling in natural beauties of both sea and land, and offering a variety of charms to which the over-crowded and overheated public of our cities, turn with delightful satisfaction.

Downer Landing is situated thirteen miles from Boston, at the entrance of Hingham harbor. It enjoys the invigorating health-giving breezes of the sea, happily combining rural and ocean scenery of the highest order.

The "Landing," takes its name from Mr. Samuel Downer, a wealthy Bostonian, who saw in the natural beauties of the place, while the land was still mere hill and dale, without inhabitants,

save the cattle, the possibilities of developing a most attractive sea-shore resort. He accordingly purchased the property, built a steamboat wharf, and expended money so lavishly, and yet so judiciously, that now, the scene which was at first only visible to the mind's eye of its projector, is accessible in all its beauty to the tourist.

The cottages at Downer, are unique and costly, and its patrons are of a high social grade. Electric lights illuminate the grounds at night, and concerts are given every afternoon by one of Boston's best orchestras. Boats, both for rowing and sailing, can be obtained at the pier, with safe and reliable boatmen to take charge of parties desiring a sail. At a distance of about three miles is one of the best deep-sea fishing grounds to be found on the coast. Close by the landing, there is a very fine, gradually sloping beach, with neat, commodious bathing-houses; also, a bath-house, where can be obtained hot and cold, fresh and salt water baths. The drives from Downer Landing over Downer Avenue, one of the finest roads in New England, through the ancient town of Hingham, and thence to Nantasket Beach, or over Jerusalem Road, by Lake Galilee, to Cohasset, are not exceeded in picturesque beauty by any in this country.

Downer Landing has an excellent hotel,— the Rose Standish House,— looking from a distance like some old time three-decker, drifted ashore, under the hill. The hotel is a spacious and comfortable one, and has always been the resort of such as are called in the neighboring metropolis, " nice people."

Not the least of the attractions of Downer Landing, is Melville Garden, which is beautifully laid out as a pleasure ground.

Within the garden is an excellent restaurant, a large and airy music hall, where dancing is enjoyed each afternoon and evening, a billiard room, bowling alley, shooting gallery, flying horses and swings, camera obscura, and many other attractions for old and young; there is also a large pavilion, opposite the music hall, where a genuine Rhode Island clam bake is served

each day. A bridge over Downer avenue connects with the garden, a beautiful grove of five acres, fitted up with pavilion, shades, seats, ice cream pagoda, also, a menagerie for the amusement of the children, all of which make the Melville Garden a favorite resort for church, society and picnic parties, as well as the general public. A neat little ferry-boat makes frequent trips to the picturesque "Ragged Island," near the landing, which is supplied with every convenience for picnic parties. "Little Walton" is an enclosure just outside the garden, furnished with a large hall, swings, etc., for the use of small private parties. Altogether, Downer Landing, with its varied attractions, is sure of affording pleasure to the tourist, whether he runs down for a day, or sojourns for the season. A pleasant barge ride of a few moments from the landing and we are at

HINGHAM,

An ancient town seventeen miles from Boston, on the South Shore branch of the Old Colony Railroad, and also reached by the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Company. As things go in this country, Hingham is indeed an "ancient" town; but the references to antiquity most noticable here by the tourist, or sojourner are rather in the direction of honorable families and family names, historic associations, and the preservation of grand old manners and customs, than to "old style" buildings, monuments, or observances. There are few localities that exhibit so much of the ancient, and the modern in its buildings, and of

the picturesque in its magnificent views of the surrounding country and ocean. The water front of Hingham, is connected with the placid waters of the inland bays, and the peculiar formation of Nantasket, and the neighboring shores, protect it from the fury of the Atlantic billows. As a summering place, its excellences of every sort are of the highest order. For boating and driving, the coast of New England furnishes but few equals to Hingham, while the situation of its surrounding hills, render it the natural home of campers. From Prospect Hill one of the grandest and most comprehensive panoramas stretches out on every hand, embracing shore and headlands, harbor and shipping. The old meeting house, undoubtedly the oldest in

New England, and still occupied by the First Society, was built in or about 1660. It is a two-story edifice, with a pyramidal roof, from the centre of which rises a grotesque belfry and spire. The Hingham cemetery is a beautiful spot, containing the remains of our great war governor, John A. Andrew, whose grave is surmounted by a beautiful white marble statue of the great man. Many of the streets are shaded with large and beautiful trees. The town is also the residence of ex-Governor John D. Long. Near the station of the Old Colony Railroad in Hingham, is a neat and comfortable hotel, the Cushing House, much resorted to by Boston's aristocracy.

COHASSET.

Twenty-one and one-half miles from Boston via the Old Colony Railroad, is not the least among the many quiet, and at the same time, rugged and picturesque summer retreats on the South Shore. The shores of Cohasset are magnificent crags or ledges, the latter often running off into the waters of the bay, or uniting with those which rear their forms beyond the surf line outward. Its lands stretching backward from the coasts are tumbled about in fantastic hill and cliff formations, enclosing vales and meadows, which are excellent centres of dairy and farming operations. Within the boundaries of Cohasset is the far famed JERUSALEM ROAD,—the delightful highway along the bluff leading from Nantasket Beach, which many of Boston's aristocracy have fixed upon as sacred to themselves. The sea view from this road is unexcelled for beauty, and a drive along its smooth course is rendered additionally pleasing on account of the elegant residences, surrounded by well kept and attractive grounds, which line it on either side. These structures are of a totally different style from the cottages on the Beach proper, for they are all more substantially constructed and more elaborate, architecturally. In several instances they are solidly built of stone, with commodious stables in the rear. They resemble the Newport villa more nearly than the more modest cottage peculiar to Nantasket. It is on account of their extra solidity of construction that the owners of the Jerusalem Road cottages are enabled to occupy them for a longer period during the year than if they were simply unplastered, frame structures, which the chilly winds of the very early and late months of "the season" pierce into so searchingly. As has been said, the drive over the road is at all times a charming one, even to one familiar with its beauties, while to a stranger it cannot fail to be a most delightful experience.

On the eastern side of Cohasset, at the "Point" overlooking the harbor, stands a little collection of contiguous estates belonging to the actors, Lawrence Barrett, Robson and Crane. In the late fall, the Cohasset shores become the resort of a class of sportsmen, numbers of whom travel great distances to attain this rendezvous and the excitement and pleasure of coot shooting.

Cohasset forms the northern limit of the area furnished by the Massachusetts coast for this sporting, the other extreme being found in South Plymouth, while all the intermediate shores are included in the "field." Every year the number of those who prolong their stay about this sea-shore section increases, and there are diversions and pastimes belonging to the late season, regarding which only experimental knowledge is of any account. The story of Cohasset would not be complete without mention of the famous old Black Rock House, from which the Jerusalem Road runs for miles down the coast.

SCITUATE,

From Satuit, meaning "Cold Brook," was suggested by a small stream of cold and very pure water. This delightful old town, twenty-six miles from Boston, on the South Shore branch, of the Old Colony Railroad, is a desirable place for rest and recreation during the hot summer months. To compile the history of so ancient a town as Scituate, and bring it within the limits prescribed for this GUIDE, is a task not easy, and necessarily, much that is interesting must be left out. Scituate, whose first inhabitants came from Plymouth about 1630, became a town in 1636. It originally comprised the two towns of Scituate, and South Scituate, (now Norwell) and the greater part of what is now the town of Hanover. From the very earliest settlement the boundary lines between Scituate, and its neighbors, have been the cause of many disputes, and it amuses one to read, that as early as 1636, there was evidently not room in Scituate for

its settlers, or else they could not live happily together, for in that year, a Mr. Hatherly made complaint to the Colony court, "that the place was too straite for them" and petitioned that certain lands in the southerly part of the town might be given them. This petition was finally granted, and several colonists took up their residences near North River. This river, a stream of surpassing beauty, forms the natural boundary of the town. In former days it was the centre of busy industry. The tide rose and fell many feet, and the banks of the river were lined with ship-yards, and more ship-building was carried on here than at any other place in New England. But all is changed; a sand-bar has closed the mouth of the river to that extent, that the tide flows in but a very short distance; its portals are closed to the passage of vessels; its ship-yards are gone. Its beauty still remains however, enhanced perhaps, by the fact that the obstructions at its mouth keeps it always bank full, but its former great usefulness is gone. The river near its mouth, and Fourth Cliff, is now called New Harbor, to distinguish it from Scituate harbor, and could the entrance be dredged out it would form the finest harbor of refuge along the coast. Boats were built here as early as 1650, and here it was that Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, who died recently, full of years and honors, made himself while a mere boy, familiar with ship-building. His son, Joseph Smith, was in command of the Congress, during the terrible battle with the Merrimac. At the time of this battle the Admiral, then an old man, was in charge of a bureau in the navy department, and it is related, that when he asked for news of this battle, and was told: "The Cumberland has been sunk and the Congress has surrendered," calmly turned to his duties with the remark, "Then Joe is dead," and so it proved, for he was killed by the first broadside from the rebel craft. Captain Albert Smith, the other son of the Admiral, died during the war from the effects of what he suffered in passing up the Mississippi and at the battle of New Orleans. This may seem like digres-

sion, but it illustrates the material these old ship-builders were made of, and is a bit of history growing out of ship-building on this river. Here in 1773, James Briggs built the ship Columbia, the first American ship to visit what is now the Pacific coast of this great country. Capt. Kendrick sailed up the great river he found there, and named it after his vessel, the Columbia, a name so appropriate that it has been retained. Thus, a little ship built on a little North River, gave a name to the mightiest stream that flows into the Pacific Ocean. Up on the sea coast is Scituate Harbor, a secure little gem of a harbor, when vessels get into it, but rather difficult of access. Ships were also built here as early as 1646. The Glades, so called, situated at the northernmost point of the town, is a beautiful promontory jutting out into the ocean. The southerly part of it is rugged, rocky and covered with red-cedar. These trees, of an old growth when the country was first settled, formed quite an article of merchandise, and were sent to Boston in large quantities. The north part is composed of the finest arable land in the country. It has quite an elevation above the sea, and a splendid view in all directions may be had. The Glades is owned by a Boston club. On a slightly inclined hill in one of the villages of Scituate, in full view of the shore, and the outstretched waters of the bay beyond, although at some little distance inland from these features stands, the house and the old well, which furnished the material for the construction of "The Old Oaken Bucket," a composition which still, in song and recitation, moves the family circle in every hamlet from Maine to Mexico. The author of this poem, Samuel Woodworth, was a native of this town.

"The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the old bucket which hung in the well,"—

is embraced in the beautiful prospect from this spot, including,

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,"

The "curb" has disappeared from the scene, and a modern chain pump supplements the old fashioned sweep and bucket, while new buildings have been erected on the site of the old. Straight out to sea, four miles from the Scituate shore, rises the famous "Minot's Light", a tall stone tower springing up in the very midst of the waters. This most famous of American lights deserves to rank with the first three or four in the world, and perhaps, in point of peril in building, difficulty of construction, tragic history, cost, usefulness, picturesque beauty as a feature of the landscape, no light is its superior. The light stands upon a mere thumb of rock, hardly exposed even at low tide, but a terrible danger in the path of ships entering or leaving Boston harbor. The light is eighty-eight feet high, and was built to take the place of one destroyed in a terrible storm many years ago.

MARSHFIELD.

Noted as is the whole southeastern sea-coast of Massachusetts for its watering places, for its delightful localities for summer abodes or for a day of recreation and for its numerous resorts for sea bathing, fishing and gunning, no section surpasses the town of Marshfield in any of these respects. It is thirty-four miles from Boston on the Old Colony Railroad. The town of Marshfield, together with Duxbury, its adjoining town on the south, shares with Plymouth the interest which attaches to the home of the Pilgrims. Its fertile lands, watered by North

River, on its northerly border by South River in its central section and by Green's Harbor River in its southerly, its territory was admirably adapted to those agricultural pursuits which were the chief support of the Pilgrims. The town was probably settled as early as 1627—by removals from Plymouth. The locality was called Green's Harbor, but it was simply a parish, some of the occupants of lands having houses and homes there, and others owning and cultivating farms, while they retained their dwellings in Plymouth and Duxbury. In 1640 the General Court enacted "that Green's Harbor shall be a township and shall be called by the name of Rexhame but now Marshfield." The termination "hame" simply meant "town" and Rexhame was another name for Kingtown. Historians differ as to whether the name had its origin in the physicial characteristics of the territory or whether it was derived from Marsfield, England. In the southerly part of the town is the estate where Daniel Webster lived many years of his life. In quest of rest and recreation he turned his feet thitherward. The sea fowl around Brant Rock and Cut River, the trout in the brooks, the invigorating sea air, and the beautiful in nature on every hand caused him to make it his home. Here were passed his serenest and happiest days and here he died. In the old Winslow burying ground repose his remains. His stone bears the following inscription, that part which is an extract from the Scriptures having been inserted at his own request and the remainder being a statement of his own: —

"DANIEL WEBSTER,
BORN JANUARY 18, 1782,
DIED OCTOBER 24, 1852.
'LORD I BELIEVE, HELP THOU
MINE UNBELIEF.'

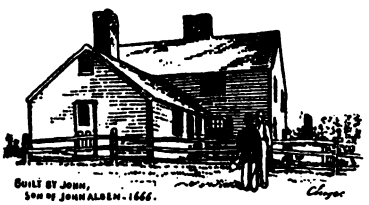
PHILOSOPHICAL
ARGUMENT, ESPECIALLY
THAT DRAWN FROM THE VASTNESS OF
THE UNIVERSE, IN COMPARISION WITH THE
APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS GLOBE HAS SOMETIMES SHAKEN MY REASON FOR THE FAITH WHICH IS IN ME; BUT MY HEART HAS ALWAYS ASSURED AND REASSURED ME THAT THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST MUST BE A DIVINE REALITY. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT CANNOT BE A MERE HUMAN PRODUCTION. THIS BELIEF ENTERS INTO
THE VERY DEPTH OF MY CONSCIENCE.
THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MAN
PROVES IT."

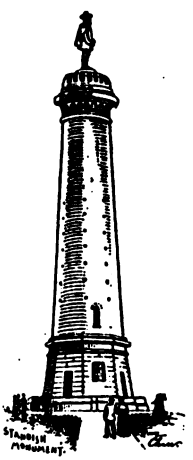
From this cemetery hill the visitor has a fine view of the surrounding country. A short ride from Marshfield station bring us to "OCEAN BLUFF," a settlement of forty or fifty cottages, built along the edge of a bluff and commanding a view of the open ocean as far as the eye can reach. Just after we pass the "Bluff" we are at another village of cottages, called BRANT ROCK, although the two are really one village. At this latter place is located the post office, several hotels and a number of stores of various kinds. Brant Rock and its vicinity, including the islands along this section of the sea coast, have long been a great resort of sea fowl; and here the sportsman will not fail to meet an abundant reward. South of Brant Rock is a small harbor known as Bluefish Cove, a superb locality for boating and fishing and a favorite resort for ladies, whose tastes incline them to these healthful pastimes.

There are probably no out-door sports more fascinating, while visiting our shores, than that of boating and fishing on the beautiful inlets and rivers along the coast in this vicinity, the smooth waters being especially adapted to ladies of a timid disposition. Nor is the beautiful beach at Brant Rock the least of the attractions of this place to the summer visitor, affording as it does, such excellent opportunities for sea bathing. GREEN HARBOR village, still another small settlement in this part of the town consists of perhaps two score houses, built near the mouth of Green Harbor or "Cut River" as it is better known. At one time this stream with its broad entrance formed a natural refuge for vessels. The recent history of this river, covering the erection of a dyke and highway across it, is worthy a brief mention in this volume. Along the borders were situated, according to an authentic survey, fourteen hundred acres of marsh, only a small part of which yielded any income. In 1870 some of the marsh owners applied to the harbor commissioners for permission to erect a dyke that the land might be reclaimed. In 1871 their report was made to the Legislature to the effect that whatever damages might be inflicted upon the harbor by a dyke, would be more than compensated for, by the contribution to the agricultural wealth of the town. In 1871 the Legislature gave the desired permission and in 1872 the dyke was completed at a cost of nearly thirty thousand dollars, which was paid by the marsh owners. The town of Marshfield subsequently laid out a highway across this dyke, thus giving direct communication by land between the different sections of the town. The building of the dyke, however, has resulted in the shoaling of the river to such an extent that boats can enter only at high tide. At low tide, what was formerly a magnificent river, is now a mere thread of water and its usefulness as a harbor of refuge has departed forever.

DUXBURY.

Once the military headquarters of the Old Colony and the twin sister of Plymouth in age and associations, was the home of Myles Standish, William Brewster, John Alden and others of the Mayflower band. It is thirty-seven miles from Boston. It is probable that there were settlers in what is now Duxbury in 1630 or 1631, but the first permanent settlement occurred in 1632 by people from Plymouth. The Indian name was Mattakeset. It received the name of Duxbury from Duxbury Hall, the seat of the Standish family in England. The town of Duxbury, forty years ago, was a busy and prosperous place. Fishing and various manufactures were active, while the Duxbury built ships were known round the world. The men of Duxbury were fully up to the times in which they lived. The visitor of to-day sees little to suggest the old time thrift. Captain Standish's residence was in that part of the town known as South Duxbury. It was at the foot of Captain's Hill, on the summit of which stands the monument, one hundred and ten feet high, erected to his memory. This monument is the tallest structure in the United States erected to the memory of any individual except Washington. A statue of Myles





Standish crowns the top. It is from the base at the feet to the crown of the head, fifteen feet in height. It is carved from two blocks of the finest Cape Ann granite, one part from the belt upwards and the other from belt to feet. It represents the old Puritan captain standing in an erect position in full military dress of the early colonial period. The right foot is thrust forward, as is the dexter hand, in which is held a scroll, while the left hand rests firmly on the hilt of the sword hanging from his left side. The long cloak worn at that period, is thrown over the back, falling behind him in graceful folds to his feet.

The stones used in this monument are massive, many of them weighing from three to five tons each, which, set, make a very imposing structure. The jambs of the arch of the entrance are formed by stones contributed by, and bearing the names of each of the New England States, while the keystone, presented by President Grant, represents the counties of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, suitably inscribed, while four sunken panels on the sides, each containing four stones admit sixteen

And as we look, the thronging visions come
Of those who made this fruitful spot their home.
We see the Rock, set in the salt-sea foam,—
    Their shallop in the inner harbor rides,
    Stemming the rough waves of the winter's tides,
    While the swart savage from them lurking hides.
A hundred years!— we see them stronger grown;
Their borders widen, fruitful seed is sown,—
They have made all the wilderness their own.
    In loyal homage to their well-loved king,
    The name of their new-founded town they bring,
    And KINGSTON call the accepted offering.
In fifty years,— how changed the feeling grows!
The land no king, as earthly ruler, knows,
Against all kingcraft proving sturdy foes
    And fifty more,— how has the circle spread!
    There stands a *nation* in the *hamlet's* stead,
    And 'midst the proudest rears her wreath-crowned head.
As when the lightning flashes through the night,
One instant stands revealed to eager sight
A thousand forms of things distinct and bright,
    So memory's glance brings to our sight to-day
    The forms of things though centuries away;
    To them I turn with my unskillful lay."

Monk's Hill, the highest point of land in Kingston, is situated near the Plymouth line, in the southeasterly part of the town. It rises three hundred and twelve feet above the sea level, and the view from the summit is very beautiful. The Blue Hills of Milton, Sprague's Hill in Bridgewater, and prominent objects in most of the towns of Plymouth county are distinctly seen. This view, combined with the ocean on the east, where the shores of Cape Cod are often visible, and the vast stretch of woodland, with hardly a sign of habitation, on the south side, gives a varied scene of singular beauty. During the wars with England, this hill was one of the points where beacon fires were lighted to alarm the neighboring towns of expected invasion by the enemy.

same scene in all its essential particulars as that which greeted the Pilgrims more than two and a half centuries ago. Here

In that part of Kingston called "Rocky Nook" happened the accident that cost Daniel Webster his life. On April 1, 1852 while descending the hill near "Smelt Brook" the linchpin of his carriage broke and he was thrown to the ground. The fall proved his death blow and although he partially recovered, his elasticity of spirits had departed and in the following October he died. In Kingston was the birthplace of the American navy, for here were built by the order of the Colonial Congress, the armed brigantines Independence and Mars, in which Captain Sampson of Plymouth, the first naval officer commissioned by Congress, made many captures on the high seas.

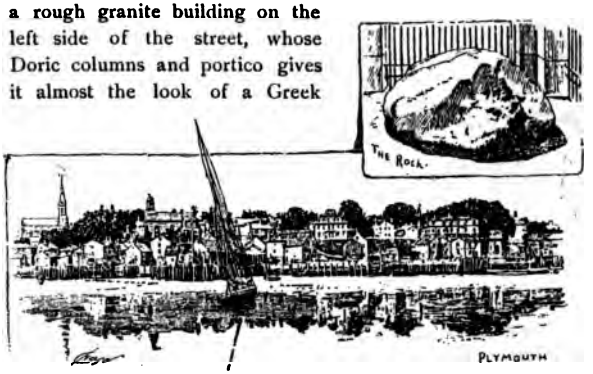
PLYMOUTH.

THIRTY-SEVEN miles from Boston lies the historic town of Plymouth, which viewed simply as the landing place of the Pilgrims, has an interest which attaches to no other place in America. But who ever supposes, and thousands have heretofore made the mistake, that this ancient town depends alone upon its historic connection for the element of attractiveness, stands in need of enlightenment. Indeed, no situation on the entire Massachusetts coast presents so many and so varied features which go to make up the ideal summering place. The beauties of its scenery, the unusual healthfulness of its air, the variety of its drives, and its unbounded resources for its sportsmen and pleasure seekers, have been more widely recognized with each coming season.

As the tourist nears his destination, his attention is engaged with a view of Plymouth Harbor spread out before him, the same scene in all its essential particulars as that which greeted the Pilgrims more than two and a half centuries ago. Here

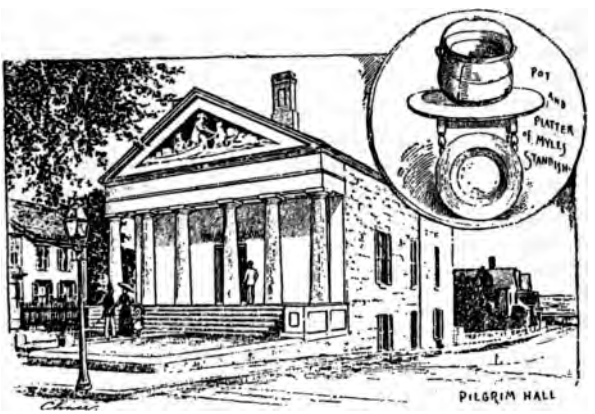
can be seen Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, the headland of Saquish and the twin lighthouses of the Gurnet. Near the lighthouse stands a station of the United States Life Saving Service.

But the iron horse partakes nothing of the traveler's sentimental feelings, and the train runs swiftly on into the station which is the terminus of this branch of the Old Colony Railroad. The reader, then, having removed the stains of travel at one of the many hotels sallies out refreshed for sight seeing, and a few minutes' walk brings him to the first point of interest, a rough granite building on the left side of the street, whose Doric columns and portico gives it almost the look of a Greek



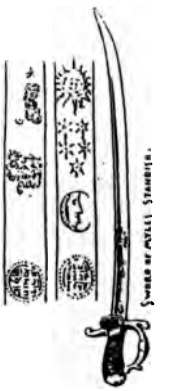
temple. It is Pilgrim Hall, within whose walls the tourist can spend a profitable hour in inspecting the many relics of pilgrim and colonial days. Before entering, however, let us look about a little. Upon the pediment of the porch will be noticed a finely executed allegorical group in demi-relief, representing the landing. In front of the hall, and to the left of the visitor's path, is seen, enclosed in an elliptical iron fence, a marble slab, bearing as an inscription the wording of the memorable "compact," made in the cabin of the "Mayflower." The hall

itself is now entered. The building was erected in 1824, but in 1880 it was greatly improved in its internal arrangements through the generosity of Mr. Joseph Stickney of Baltimore, an inscription acknowledging whose liberality, meets the visitor's eye as he enters the vestibule. To the right, as one enters, is the reception room, where visitors register their names and pay the usual small fee for admission to the main hall. In the recep-



tion room however, the tourist should not neglect to give a moment to the examination of the small picture of the landing, presented by Col. Shaw, as well as the portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and Gov. Trumbull of Connecticut, with old engravings, etc., which hang upon the walls. The most important relic in the reception room, however, is a parchment commission from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Proctor of England, to Governor Edward Winslow, as one of the arbitrators between Great Britain and the United Provinces of Holland. This is particularly valuable from having a contemporaneous portrait of Cormwell, which is

in the upper left-hand corner. The original signature was torn off by some unscrupulous visitor, in the time of free admission, but has been supplied by a finely executed fac-simile. The main hall, which is next entered, is forty-six by thirty-nine feet in dimensions, and is lighted fully and pleasantly from the large roof skylight, there being no side windows. Fronting the entrance, at the east end of the hall, hangs the large painting, thirteen by sixteen feet, of the Landing, painted by Henry Sargent, an amateur artist of Boston, and by him presented to the Pilgrim Society in 1834. Its estimated value is $3,000. The massive frame was retouched and the canvas cleansed at the time of the general repairs upon the building in 1880. The two other most notable paintings are a fine copy of Weir's "Embarkation," (the original of which is in the Capitol at Washington), and Lucy's great painting of the "Embarkation from Delft Haven, Holland." The latter is a gift from ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice of Boston. To this picture was awarded the British government prize of £1,000 at Westminster Hall, London, in 1848. Hugh Stowell Brown says of it: "The 'Speedwell' is waiting for the exiles at Delft Haven..... They all assembled on the shore on the morning of the 22d of July, 1620..... The pastor knelt upon the shore, and surrounded by the sobbing multitude, poured out his soul in fervent prayer on their behalf. This is the deeply interesting moment



which the artist has happily chosen. Many other objects of interest will be seen about the hall. Here are the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, which were brought over in the "Mayflower," the cradle in which was rocked Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony; the sword of Myles Standish, with the Arabic inscriptions upon the blade, and to which Longfellow alludes in his "Courtships": —

"Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Myles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.
'Look at these arms,' he said; 'the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders.'"

The inscriptions upon the Standish sword had always remained untranslated until the evening of June 7, 1871, when Prof. Rosedale, a native of Palestine, and an accomplished linguist, visited Pilgrim Hall, by invitation and examined the ancient weapon. The professor stated that the inscriptions are of two dates,—one of them in Cufic Arabic, very old, and the other Mediæval Arabic, of a later period, but still very ancient. The later one, Professor Rosedale readily translated as follows: "With peace God ruled his slaves, and with the judgment of His arm, He troubled the mighty of the wicked." The word "slaves," means, in our language, creatures; and by "the mighty of the wicked" is meant the most powerful and evil of the wicked. The professor further said that the sword is probably one of the most ancient weapons now in existence, and is of great value. He thinks it dates back at least to two or three hundred years before the Christian era, and may be possibly much older than that. The older characters he did not attempt

to decipher at the time of his visit, but took a copy with him to endeavor to translate at his leisure. He was of the impression, however, that the meaning was synonymous with that of the later inscription. In the Hall are also shown John Alden's Bible, a deed acknowledged before Alden in 1653, an original letter of Metacomet, otherwise called King Phillip, chief of the Wampanoags, and many other interesting relics.

In remodeling the building, it was the intention to devote the upper or main hall exclusively to the display of Pilgrim mementos, while in the basement is a smaller hall, in which are arranged in cases and around the walls a miscellaneous collection of relics other than those relating to the Pilgrims. These, hardly less than the exhibits in the main hall, merit the visitor's examination. Leaving Pilgrim Hall and passing onward up the street, a few steps brings the tourist to the COURT HOUSE, a handsome dark-brown building, setting well back from the street, fronted by a well-kept lawn, in whose centre a fountain sends up its graceful spray. The building, which was built in 1820 and remodeled in 1857, is one of the finest edifices of the kind in Massachusetts, its main court room in particular being a high-studded, nobly proportioned apartment.

Upon the front of the court house is a mural tablet of white marble, with the seal of the Old Colony sculptured in relief. The quarterings of the shield represent four kneeling figures, each having a flaming heart in its hands. On one side of each of the figures is a small tree, indicative, as is supposed, of the infant growth of the plantation. The attitude and semi-nude appearance of the figures indicate that they are Indians, and are at once significant of their subjection, hearty welcome, and ultimate loyalty. About the seal are the words, "Plimovth Nov-Anglia Sigillvm Societatis," with the date "1620" above the shield. Within the court house, the most interesting room to the visitor, is that of the register of deeds. Here are preserved the old records of Plymouth Colony, the will of Myles Standish, and the

original patent granted to the company in 1629, by Earl Warwick, with its great wax seal and the box in which it was brought from England, together with many ancient Indian deeds, etc. In the rear of the court house is the county jail and the house of the sheriff.

Passing once more along the pleasant street, with its overarching elms, we come to Shirley Square, whence, turning to the left down North street, toward the water, we come to Cole's Hill where, in the severe winter that followed the Pilgrims' landing they buried half of their number, levelling the graves, and in the ensuing spring planting corn above them, so that the Indians might not be able to count the mounds and so learn the terrible story. The cause of the rapid mortality among the Pilgrims was scurvy, and other diseases induced by exposure to the weather, poor and insufficient food and clothing, and hastily built dwellings. The commanding position of the hill, overlooking the harbor as it does, led to its selection in 1742 for the location of a battery. The first fortifications were replaced by others in 1775, and still a third fort was thrown up here in 1814. But the visitor will not let the recollection of these matters too long fix his attention to the hill, for before him, at the foot of the grassy slope, is situated PLYMOUTH ROCK—the corner stone of a great nation. Descending the flight of steps which leads down the hill, the sightseer stands face to face with the most interesting historical relic on this continent. The piece of rock which is in view of the visitor lay for many years in front of Pilgrim Hall. In 1774 an attempt to remove the rock to the foot of the liberty pole in Town Square, resulted in its separation and while the upper half alone was removed, the lower remained in its bed. On the 4th of July, 1834, the severed portion, which since 1774 had remained in the square, and by the side of which an elm tree was planted in 1784, was removed to the front yard of Pilgrim Hall, and the next year enclosed by the iron fence which now on another spot surrounds the stone slab bearing the

text of the compact. The remainder of the rock continued in its bed, merely showing its surface above the earth until 1859, when the land upon which it stands came under the control of the Pilgrim Society and steps were taken to carry out a previously formed plan of erecting over it a granite canopy. In 1859 the corner stone was laid. The canopy consists of four angle piers, decorated with three-quarter reeded columns of the Tuscan order, standing on pedestals and supporting a composed entablature, above which is an attic. Between the piers on each face, is an open arch, so that the rock is visible from all sides, and these arches are fitted with iron gates. The canopy measures about fifteen feet square and is thirty feet high. In 1880 the severed portion of the rock was restored to its old resting place, and it now lies within the canopy reunited to its fellow rock.

The authenticity of the story of the landing on this rock, rests both upon general tradition and well-defined statements transmitted from generation to generation. Among the latter may be mentioned the statement of Ephraim Spooner and others to persons either now living or recently deceased, that in 1741, when it was proposed to construct a wharf over the rock, Elder Thomas Faunce, born in 1647 and then ninety-four years of age, was carried in a chair to the spot, and, supposing it to be about to be buried forever, bade it an affectionate farewell as the first resting place of the feet of the Pilgrims. He stated that his

father, John Faunce, who came over in the "Ann" in 1623, had repeatedly told him the story. He was old enough to have heard the story from the "Mayflower's" passengers themselves. He was ten years old when Governor Bradford died, twenty-four when John Howland died, nine years old when Myles Standish died, and thirty-nine when John Alden died, and he would have been at least likely to have learned from them whether the story of his father was correct or not.

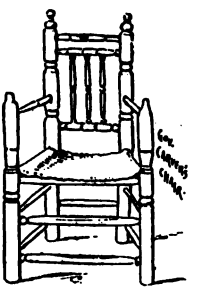
Leaving the rock, and proceeding towards the centre of the town once more, we pass through Leyden street, where the Pilgrims built their dwellings, to Town Square, where may be seen the "Congregationalist Church of the Pilgrimage," with its chapel adjacent. It was erected in 1840, and its chapel is believed to stand on the exact spot occupied by the first church of the Pilgrims. Of this first structure but little is known except that it was erected in 1638 (the forefathers before that time worshipping in the fort on the hill) and had a bell. In 1683 a new building was erected, not on the same lot, but farther out in the square and fronting it. This was forty-five by forty feet, sixteen feet in the walls, had a Gothic roof, diamond window glass and a bell.

In 1744, still another church was built on or near the same site. This remained until the present one was built, which stands further up the hill than the previous ones. Nearly opposite the "Church of the Pilgrimage" is an old building, now the town house. This was built in 1759, as a county court house, the town contributing a part of the cost for the privilege of using it. When the new court house was built in 1820, this building was purchased by the town. The entrance to it for some years after it was built was from the east end, by a broad flight of steps. About 1787 these were taken away, and the entrance fixed as at present to make a market in the basement, which was kept there as a town market until about 1848. Facing the square is the Church of the First Parish, the original church of the Pilgrims.

It is now of the Unitarian denomination. The present church, an imitation of the Gothic, was built in 1830.

The eminence which rises above the square is Burial Hill. Here is seen the monument to Governor Bradford, and that to Robert and Thomas Cushman. To the left, just below the Cushman monument, is a marble tablet which marks the spot where the fort of the little colony was located. The edifice was also their church where they worshiped God in the freedom which they were forced to cross the stormy sea to find. From the hill a beautiful view is obtained of the town and harbor of Plymouth, and of the Standish monument on Captain's Hill, Duxbury. Opposite is Watson's Hill, which was a favorite resort of the Indians, and is famous as the scene of the treaty with Massasoit, which conduced so effectually to the safety and permanence of the colony. On Burial Hill, in addition to the fort previously mentioned, were erected a brick water tower, whose corners are marked by four stone posts, and later, a second fortification, containing three pieces of ordnance. Among the many monuments and headstones on Burial Hill, the marble obelisk to Gov. William Bradford is conspicuous. The oldest stone is that to the memory of Edward Gray, a merchant and one of the wealthiest men of the colony, which bears the date of 1681. There are but four other original stones having dates in the seventeenth century,—to William Crow (1683-4), Thomas Clarke, the reputed mate of the "Mayflower" (1697), Mrs. Hannah Clark (1687), and John Cotton (1699). On the westerly side of the hill is a

monument erected by Stephen Gale of Portland, Maine: "To the memory of seventy-two seamen, who perished in Plymouth harbor on the 26th and 27th days of December, 1778, on board the private armed brig, Gen. Arnold, of twenty guns, James Magee of Boston, commanding; sixty of whom are buried on this spot." There are many quaint inscriptions to be read upon the head-stones, and the visitor who descends the hill before making a careful search over them will lose a most interesting experience.



The rambler among Plymouth's ancient streets will find the dark, old Carver-Mitchel, Stevens and Leach houses, all built before the year 1680, the monument on Training Green commemorating the Plymouth soldiers who died in the late civil war. Pilgrim Springs, where the fair Priscillas of the forlorn village came for water in those dreary winter days when the sturdy Pilgrims were beset on every side with dangers, famine, pestilence, and the savages. Many other localities are connected with interesting events in that time, or with legends of the remote and romantic past.

Another locality which the tourist should visit is the National Monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, on Allerton street, a vast pile of carved granite crowned by a very impressive statue of Faith, forty feet high and the largest stone figure in the world. This magnificent work of art cost thirty thousand dollars and was presented by the Hon. Oliver Ames, a native of Plymouth. The corner stone of the monument was laid August 2, 1859, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of the State of Massachusetts. It was designed by Hammat Billings of Boston. The base of the monument was placed in position in the summer

of 1870, and a year later the great statue of Faith was placed in position. The total height of the monument, which is said to be the finest piece of granite statuary in the world, is eighty-one

feet. The plan of the principal pedestal is octagonal, with four large and four small faces. From the small faces project four buttresses or wing pedestals, on each of which will be a seated figure, emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth. The first is

Morality, holding the Decalogue in her left hand, and the scroll of Revelation in her right; her look is upward toward the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above; in a niche on one side of her throne is a prophet, and in the other one, of the Evangelists. The second of these figures to be Law — one side Justice; on the other Mercy. The third will be Education — on one side Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, Youth led by Experience. The fourth figure is to be Freedom — on one side, Peace rests under its protection; on the other Tyranny is overthrown by its power. Upon the faces of these projecting pedestals are to be alto-reliefs, representing scenes from the history of the Pilgrims,—the departure from Delft Haven; the signing of the Social Compact; the landing at Plymouth; and the first treaty with the Indians. On each of the four faces of

the main pedestal is a large panel for records. That in front contains the general inscription of the monument, viz.: "National Monument to the forefathers. Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty." The right and left panels contain the names of those who came over in the "Mayflower." The rear panel is plain, to have an inscription at some future day.

Turning our backs for a time on rocks and relics, on memorials and monuments, on ancient streets and "traditional stones," let us direct our steps into Nature's retreats. Here, perhaps, after all, we will see more of Plymouth as it was in the days of the forefathers than is possible to find elsewhere.

Within the borders of the town are over forty thousand acres of woodland, much of which is the same primitive wilderness that was trodden by the Pilgrims.

The territory of Plymouth is irregular in "lay out," the town being eighteen miles long and from four to nine miles wide, the coast-line including, as the result of numerous indentations and tortuous windings, nearly double the length above mentioned. For physicial features, the land is broken in outline and rolling in every part, being heaped up in quick succeeding hills and ranges, like the billows of the ocean in a strong tideway, this conformation affording situation for numerous ponds and lakelets, hundreds of which are to be found within the town limits, their clear waters, usually white-sanded shores and bottoms, rendering them most attractive features, to say nothing of the stores of fine fish with which many of them are stocked, either naturally or by artificial methods. The forests are ancient and primeval, sometimes extending for miles without a break save where great fires have devastated, and showing neither building or clearing in evidence that man ever brought the region under subjection. Within the past decade as many as 200 deer have been killed in these and the adjacent woods of Sandwich during a single year, and not a season passes that sportsmen or sojourners do not see specimens of this noble game in these locations. Skirting the lakes and ponds and winding over and among the hills, innumerable roads thread, well-defined and hardened by the usage of nearly three centuries, and affording the most beautiful driveways imaginable. Delightsome ocean views are obtained from the summits of hill-tops extending for miles inland, and outlooks over fair sections of hill and dale, with water-bits shimmering and glistening in the picture, so beautiful that sometimes the original Indian occupants of the land bestowed their most musically descriptive names to designate the sections or localities. Springs of purest water abound and bubble over on every side, often

proving the sources of the finest ponds. Many of these sheets of water are embosomed in wild forests, in which the red deer, the eagle and wood-duck still find a resting place.

WAREHAM,

At the head of Buzzard's Bay, forty-nine miles from Boston, is a great resort for sportsmen. The numerous ponds and streams afford great variety of fresh water fish, while the inlets and harbor supply blue-fish, tautog, bass, sea perch and sea trout in their season. In the southern part of the town are the grounds of the Onset Bay Grove Association. This association had its origin in the successful search of a few gentlemen, who

were interested in finding a suitable place upon the sea-shore where camp-meetings under the general auspices of Spiritualism, could be annually held and which might be made a permanent summer resort for any who desired to build cottages or camp by the sea. Here, upon the shores of Onset Bay, a thickly wooded grove of oaks, covering about one hundred and fifty acres, was found growing to the very edge of high bluffs overlooking the sea and surrounded on three sides by water. It is in that part of Wareham known as Agawam, a name given to it by the original Indian owners, relics of whom are to be found in abundance. It was here that the great Sachem Massasoit, the humane and friendly king of the Wampanoags, made the treaty of amity and

peace with the Pilgrims that secured safety to the colonies for fifty-five years and, indeed, saved it from destruction.

The two rivers that form the eastern and western boundaries of the grove and the smaller bays and inlets of this vicinity are occupied as oyster grants, and from which thousands of bushels of the best oysters are shipped to market. The facilities for safe and pleasant bathing are excellent, as the bottom is hard and clear, gradually descending from the shore, and the water many degrees warmer than upon the direct ocean beach. There is plenty of spring water for drinking and culinary purposes.

Onset has always been a favorite resort for fishing parties and excursionists and its popularity is growing yearly.

MARION,

A seaboard town in the southerly part of Plymouth county, used to be known as Sippican until it was incorporated in 1852, when the name Marion was given to it, probably in remembrance of the celebrated Revolutionary partisan of South Carolina. In outline, the town is exceedingly irregular, following the windings of the Sippican and Weweantilt Rivers on the east and sending out on the south several long peninsulars into Buzzard's Bay. Great Hill on Great Neck, is one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea and was used as a point of observation in the state survey. It commands a splendid view of the seaboard and Buzzard's Bay. While Great Neck forms the south-eastern extremity of Marion, Charles Neck forms the southern. On this neck are many cottages, some being very costly and are elegant specimens of architecture.

Within the limits of the town, there is one spot of great historic interest. On Little Neck, a few rods south of the road that leads from Marion to Wareham, is "Minister Rock," around which the Indians used to hold their horrid pow-wows,

and where the first white settlers of the old Sippican tract worshiped, and near the rock is the ancient burial place.

Within a short, time this town has become a noted sea-side resort, and in the hot summer months no more charming place can be found on the New England coast. Many of the old visitors look forward with eagerness to the time of their annual summer visitation. It has good roads, houses with a neat and inviting aspect, a beautiful harbor with lovely islands and a cheering light at the entrance, and among its residents are many retired sea captains who have visited every clime. At the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Rochester, Gerald C. Tobey, Esq., of Wareham, in referring to the towns that originally comprised that ancient town, said:—

"Hither also cometh Marion, a bright nymph of the sea, the lass who always loved a sailor. God bless her, coy and demure, and just as good as she is pretty!"

MATTAPOISETTE

Is a word from the Indian language and is said to signify rest. The town bearing that name is located a few miles south of Marion, has a fine harbor on Buzzard's Bay, formed by the outlet of Mattapoisette river. The town is the favorite resort of quite a number of wealthy Bostonians, and their beautiful cottages, many of them costing many thousands dollars, line the shore.

FAIRHAVEN,

So named from its beautiful harbor, is compactly built on a southern slope on the eastern bank of Acushnet River. A bridge nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, connects the town with the city of New Bedford, the latter presenting a very attractive appearance on the opposite bank of the river.

FALMOUTH.

As a quiet place of rest and recreation, the town of Falmouth has few rivals on our coast. It is sixty-eight miles from Boston. Situated on a promontory forming the extreme southern point of the town is Wood's Holl, the southern terminus of this

branch of the Old Colony Railroad and a landing place of the line of steamers to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. The harbor is a noted haven of safety for vessels in stress of weather. From Nobska Hill we have a most charming view of the Sound, of the Vineyard shore, of Tisbury Hills and of the Elizabeth Islands. From the same standpoint, looking northward across the neck of land, the whole stretch of Buzzard's Bay is before us. The principal village of Falmouth, a beautiful hamlet nestling in a valley half a mile from the station, is near the crescent-

shaped beach on the southern shore, which extends from the landing to Nobska lighthouse. About one mile from the village in a southern direction is Falmouth Heights, one of the most delightful resorts bordering on Vineyard Sound, reached by carriage from Falmouth station. Here we find, most emphatically, a fashionable watering place, combined with a delightful and inexpensive retreat for a summer's sojourn, a week's recreation, or a day's pastime.

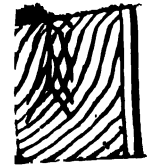
The scenery, whether maritime or inland, is romantic and charming. Southward is a marine highway with its hundreds of moving objects,—the white sails and the deep-laden steamers of commerce passing east and west; pleasure boats innumerable skimming from headland to head-

land, or coasting from shore to shore; a white-hulled steamer is shooting out from Wood's Holl on our right, or rounding East Chop on the opposite shore and heading toward us. The view is grand, interesting and instructive. There are hotels at the Heights, and the place, owing to its excellent facilities for boating, bathing, and other health-giving pastimes is rapidly filling with summer cottages. Turning our backs on sea-shore and

Sound, we have forest and plain before us on either hand. The roads for miles around are exceedingly hard and level, and bordered on right and left with oak and other forest trees. Here are miles of the finest drives through dense foliage, which completely shade the generally narrow avenues. Taking a carriage in Falmouth Village or at the Heights for a short drive eastward, around the heads of the numerous ponds extending along the shore, we reach East Falmouth, where, running in a southerly direction, is a broad and straight avenue of two miles, skirting Bowen's and Eel ponds, and leading to Menauhant, a new watering place bordering on the Sound.

MENAUHANT

Is connected with Wood's Holl and Falmouth Landing by a fairy-like steamer, affording a delightful sail of about five miles along the crescent-shaped shore of the Sound. From Menauhant, eastward by boat about two miles, is Waquoit Bay, entering which, we find ourselves on a beautiful expanse of water, almost land-locked, the entrance being very narrow. Quashnet River, leading from John's Pond in Mashpee, enters the bay at Waquoit village. Skirting the shore of the Sound still further eastward we enter Popponessett Bay, into which flows the Mashpee River,— a beautiful stream of which Mashpee and Wakeby Ponds are the source, and Cotuit River, flowing from Satuit Pond. A sail of a few miles further eastward brings us to Cotuit Port. From many points along the shore we have fine views of Martha's Vineyard, especially from Succonessett Headland, an elevated site midway between Waquoit and Popponessett Bays.



MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

"The sun is set; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,
The street lamps of the ocean; and behold
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;
The day hath passed into the land of dreams.
O summer day beside the summer sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight—
To some the landmark of a new domain."

Martha's Vineyard is the largest island on the New England coast, being in the form of an irregular triangle, about 23 miles long and 10½ miles wide at its widest part. The first discoverer of the island who comes within the realm of authentic history was Varrazzani, an Italian explorer, who saw the western extremity of it in 1564, and called it Claudia, in honor of the mother of Emperor Francis II, of France. The next explorer, and the first one who left any account of the New England coast, was Bartholomew Gosnold an English mariner, who left England in 1602, and sailed around Cape Cod and up the southern shore of Nantucket and the Vineyard, mistaking them at first for the mainland. He landed on No-man's-land and named it Marthae's Vineyard, which name was afterward transferred to this Martha's Vineyard of the present day. Gosnold built a house and fort on Cuttyhunk,(an island lying about five miles to the northward of the Vineyard,) the remains of which are still pointed out to the visitor. A few years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in the early morning of our country's history, a wave-weary craft, bearing a little band of tried men

and women fleeing from oppression and death, find that their long contest with wind and wave is over, and they cast anchor in the little haven on the northern shore of Martha's Vineyard (now known as Edgartown) secure at last from persecution and the dangers incident to a voyage of many weeks' duration. As winter was near at hand, they decided to linger in this beautiful haven and await the return of spring before proceeding on their way. Finding, however, a genial climate, with fish and game in abundance, they abandoned their original intention of joining the Virginia Colony, and decided to establish a permanent settlement, which they did, on the present site of Edgartown. Of this little band of tried and hardy adventurers there still remain many worthy representatives, occupying, as their fathers before them, high places in the confidence of the people, ready to labor and fight whenever the honor and welfare of their island and country required a strong arm and a cool head. It is supposed that these early settlers of the Vineyard came from Wiltshire County, England, as there will be found Tisbury and Chilmark, the original of our towns of that name, and the family names, there as here, of Luce, Vincent, Norton, West, Pease, Smith, Holmes and others.

The colonial history of the island down to the time of the Revolutionary war, does not differ much from that of the other New England plantations, except that the mildness of the climate, the fruitfulness of the soil, and the teeming treasures of the sea, at its very door, as it were, left little room for the famine and hardships which visited the shores

of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bays. In the Revolution the island suffered greatly from British invasion and brutality. The islanders who were patriotic men resisted the attempts of the English ships to obtain supplies from the island, and as a consequence, lost most of their cattle and crops. After the war was over came a period of great prosperity, with the beginning of the whale fishery, from which source the principal wealth of the island has been derived. When whaling was in its palmiest days Martha's Vineyard had hundreds of vessels employed, the vast fleet scouring the waters of both hemispheres, all dependent on the mighty watchword of "There she blows!" but a new element comes forth,—one long stored up in Nature's vast reservior, the earth, and the whale escaped annihilation by the discovery of petroleum. The later history of the Vineyard has been that of a growing summer resort, and while it is a story of growth and enterprise, it lacks perhaps, the romantic interest that hangs about the past. When the average pleasure seeker speaks of Martha's Vineyard, it is safe to say that he does not mean the island of that name, but a very small part of it. As he uses the familiar words, a picture is presented to his mind's eye, of a high bluff bounded by a noble avenue, a city of quaint cottages, with streets of level concrete and shaded by trees, a magnificent grove, with a great tabernacle for holding religious services, and also, it may be, a long and straggling procession of idle saunterers along the bluffs enjoying the beautiful ocean view and the cool, refreshing breeze. This is the Martha's Vineyard of the tourist.

COTTAGE CITY

Which is the proper appellation of the locality referred to, is absolutely unique. No matter where the traveler may extend his search for novelty, he will never find its counterpart. Cottage City's ocean side is belted with modern villas; showy, unique in style and fittings, and in many instances, costly. They mask

the town in splendid succession. The tourist has the choice of two routes, and can go to Cottage City via New Bedford, and thence by steamer across Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound,—a most beautiful sail in good weather—or the route via Wood's Holl (seventy-one miles from Boston by the Old Colony Railroad) proceeding thence by steamer to their destination. The total distance from Boston is, by the latter route, shortened, and sufficient steamboating is afforded, about seven miles, to give the visitor ample time to free himself from the recollection of his dusty journey, and serve as a most agreeable prelude to the pleasures in store for him at Cottage City. The steamers on the route are comfortable and seaworthy boats, and two of them in particular have bits of history attached to them which are worthy of a brief mention here. The "Monohansett," during the rebellion, while she was yet new, was chartered by our government as a transport, and went into the department of the South under Generals Hunter and Gilmore. For a time she was Gilmore's headquarters boat, and came north with him to Virginia, where, on the James and Potomac, General Grant chose her as his dispatch boat and at times as his headquarters. And now in her stateroom on deck one can see the sofa, chairs, bed and washstand used by Grant, as well as a table once on the steamer "River Queen." The latter boat, which is also on the Cottage City line, was built before the rebellion, and during that struggle was used as President Lincoln's dispatch boat on the Potomac. On board of her in Hampton Roads, Feb. 3, 1865, met that remarkable company known as the Peace Commissioners,—a company and an event not soon to be forgotten. The steamer still preserves, for obvious reasons, the same furniture, sofas and chairs

on which the political and war dignitaries held their deliberations. There sat President Lincoln and Governor Seward of the Union, and A. H. Stevens, J. A. Campbell and R. M. T. Hunter of the Confederacy. President Lincoln was firm. General Grant soon brought peace by his heroic grip upon Richmond. Before landing at the Oak Bluff's pier, the steamer which bears the tourist will touch at a wharf but a short distance from it, whose name, as announced to the stranger's eye by a large sign is "Vineyard Highlands." Here, almost concealed from view, is the original Cottage City of former days—the spot which made possible the existence of this great summer resort, the beautiful camp grounds of the Baptist Vineyard Association. Within the enclosure are the large Baptist temple dedicated in 1878 and the Baptist chapel. Religious meeting are held here during the season, and there is also a week of mass meetings, which commonly occur during the week preceding the great Methodist camp meeting. It was the latter sect which was the pioneer in holding its meetings in the territory known as Cottage City. It was in August, 1835, that the Methodists held their first camp-meeting. Only nine tents were pitched at that time and one thousand persons attended. Twenty years later, "some houses built of wood" (as the records quaintly state) had been erected; and in 1858 it is stated, that twelve thousand people were present on "big Sunday," as it is sometimes termed, and Governor Banks of Massachusetts, ex-Governor Harris of Rhode Island and other dignitaries attended. Governor Andrew, Massachusetts' great "war governor," delivered an address to a multitude in 1862. From the first foundations of these meetings there were those among their regular attendants who found in the place not only sacred and valued associations growing out of its connection with the religious establishment, but a situation fair to view and desirable to occupy; and these became habituated to anticipating the meeting season in their attendance, and remained behind after the religious exercises were finished,—in

fact, became summer residents, building cottages or temporary homes, and in every way providing for making their stay comfortable and pleasant. In course of time, other and richer visitors added their presence and their villas and cottages to the general assemblage, until the renowned "Cottage City" had taken place, a community point which is now one of the wonders of the New England sea-coast, and which has not its counterpart anywhere else. The great culmination of the religious gatherings of the season is the series of grand mass meetings, of a week's duration,

held near the end of August. It has been the custom of the residents of cottages at Oak Bluffs for many years past to unite in a grand illumination of their dwellings by colored lights, and to give an extensive display of fire-works in Ocean Park, on the Saturday night following "Big Sunday". The attractions of the illuminations yearly, almost overtax the carrying capacity of the steamboat lines, while many special steamers, bearing parties from long distances, frequently arrive in addition to the regular boats. In connection with the illumination there is a

band concert, and usually a parade of grotesquely attired maskers, after the manner of a miniature New Orleans Mardi Gras procession. Another of the "institutions" of Cottage City is the Agassiz Hall, a fine building, in which is held the "Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute", with annual sessions, beginning about the middle of July and continuing for five weeks. The Institute was established in 1878, for the purpose of affording teachers and others, the opportunity of combining the study of some specialty with rest and recreation at a delightful and inexpensive seaside resort. The professors of the various departments are among the best educators in the land. Last year there

were students present at this institute from thirty different states and territories. Cottage life at Cottage City, both within the camp-ground and outside of it, is a phase of existence to be seen nowhere else. The dwellings are for the most part of one story only, with sleeping rooms in the roof, and with large double-doors on the ground floor opening upon the street,—or "avenue" as the latter is commonly called here. These doors are kept wide open in fine weather, giving a full view of the interior. The occupants thus live practically out of doors, breathing always the fresh, pure air of the island, and except where exposed to the sun, the piazza is the favorite resort for all the occupants, young and old. The cottages themselves are not plastered, but simply sheathed, and their decorations of fancy woodwork, scroll

drawings, and the like, when painted in contrasting colors, give a most striking effect. There are more than a thousand of such cottages, differing each from the other in detail, yet all having the same general characteristics, nestling among green trees, and bordering on smoothly concreted avenues, and you have a tolerable mental view of Cottage City. No description, however elaborate, can do justice to it, therefore, none will here be attempted. It must be seen to be appreciated. In the way of recreation, there is no lack. The tourist who loves nature can enjoy a stroll along the fine plank walk which skirts the bluff; he can hire a natty turnout at one of the many stables, and drive over the picturesque roads; then there are ten-pin alleys, a fine base ball field, roller skating, and unequaled facilities for boating and bathing. All in all, the dullest visitor to Cottage City, cannot fail to be "drawn out of his shell," as it were, by the prevailing gayeties, and *made* to enjoy himself, whether he will or no, while as for the appreciative tourist,—and his name legion,—he will daily have cause to bless the happy fortune which led him to cast his lot, even for a few brief weeks, among the inhabitants of Cottage City.

On the north-east extremity of Martha's Vineyard lies the village of

VINEYARD HAVEN,

Bordering on the shores of a beautiful bay of the same name. This village of about eight hundred inhabitants, is built on a pleasant declivity on the western shore of the harbor, affording a splendid marine view. To the north and west of the village are forests of pine, with an occasional oak interspersed. Probably this growth of pines is one of the essential elements which contribute to the healthfulness of this place. Vineyard Haven to-day is, not only a business centre for a large portion of the island, but a summer resort as well. Its situation at the head of the harbor is one of rare excellence, as the prevailing south-west breeze of the summer months, coming across the

waters of the bay, renders its temperature most delightfully cool at all times, the facilities for boating, bathing, sailing and fishing are ample; the drive over the road following the beach is one of the pleasantest. Back of the village is "Lake Tashmoo" the beauties of which must be seen to be appreciated. The cottages at Vineyard Haven present a charming commingling of ancient dwellings of the last century, or the early years of the present one, with the stylish, modern dwellings and stores, allowing one to note the progress from the Puritan simplicity to the extravagance of the present day, and, the homes of the great-grandfathers and those of the present generation standing side by side, illustrate the old "colonial" and modern "Queen Anne" styles. On the western shore of the Lagoon, within a short drive of the village is the suburb of Oklahoma. At this place there is a hotel and several cottages, and the grounds adjacent give locations for homes, which command a superb marine view of great extent.

The new village of West Chop deserves a passing notice. Situated two miles north of Vineyard Haven, and located on a high bluff overlooking Vineyard Sound, it has all the natural essential elements of a delightful summer watering place. West Chop is at that part of the island nearest the mainland, being only about eighteen minutes' steamboat ride from Wood's Holl. From the village, a veritable marine panorama is constantly presented to view. The entire commerce of the United States, together with the famous yachts of the country, pass and repass within a short distance and in full view of West Chop. It is estimated that more than thirty thousand vessels of various kinds pass this point annually. Our tourist must not leave the Vineyard without spending a day at South Beach, at Katama, on the other side of the island, where he can see at any time the great breakers come tumbling in upon the beach in endless and majestic succession. Katama is connected with Cottage City by a narrow gauge railroad eight miles in length.

The "Sea View Boulevard" also follows the south shore from Oak Bluffs to Katama, a distance of ten miles, making one of the most beautiful drive-ways imaginable. Mattakeset Lodge at Katama is a favorite resort with cottagers and visitors at Cottage City. It is situated on Katama Bay, an almost land-locked sheet of water, where safe boating and sailing can be enjoyed without the danger of sea-sickness. But a short distance away rolls the broad Atlantic, where those more venturesomely inclined can indulge in sword and "deep sea" fishing. Small fish, and sometimes blue-fish, can be caught in the bay. First-class boats, sailed by trusty and competent captains, are kept in readiness to convey parties fishing or sailing. During August and September, there is good plover and jay-bird shooting. Near the hotel is a pavilion where clam bakes are served daily.

EDGARTOWN,

The village half way between Cottage City and Katama, is the county seat of Martha's Vineyard.

Formerly ranking with Nantucket and New Bedford in importance as a centre of the whale fishery, it dates its decline as a seaport, from the decline of that industry, until now, its chief claim to the notice of the tourist is, as a writer will say, "It is to the social village of Edgartown, one may flee from the heated, noisy, crowded, dusty city, and find one's self so comfortable, cool, calm and free from the collision of crowds, where malaria never generates." "There is not on the face of the earth, a place better adapted for the restoration of the invalid to health than your Edgartown, and it will ever be remembered by the writer with gratitude, for the invaluable blessing of health so happily imparted from his brief residence there."

Away in the southernmost part of the island, is the wonderful "Gay Head" brought into such unpleasant prominence a few years since by the wreck of the "City of Columbia" upon a

ledge just off its shores. This headland is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of New England, being composed of alternating strata of differently colored clays, red, white,

yellow, green, etc., succeeding each other from base to summit, and displaying in the sunlight the most singular effects. Of this celebrated peninsular,—called by the aborigines "Aquinnah" Dr. Hitchcock says, "there is not a more interesting spot in the state to a geologist," and pronounces it also, "a most picturesque object of scenery." "Here," says another, "are all sorts of fossils from petrified quahaugs as big as your thumb nail, to the skeletons of monsters that might have swallowed the whale that swallowed Jonah."

These bluffs are judged to be more than 2,000 feet in thickness. Gosnold called the lofty beautiful point, Dover Cliff, as reminding him of the English shore. On the point, which is itself 130 feet above the sea, stands the widely known Gay Head lighthouse, about fifty feet high, holding up one of the finest lights in the world,—a Fresnel lens of

the best class, composed of 1,003 pieces of the most select glass, of different forms, so cut, polished, and arranged, as to throw the light horizontally far out on the sea to the anxious voyager. In a single year 95,000 vessels have passed this light. South-westerly from the lighthouse is a notable glen,—bowl-shaped, 100 feet deep, 1,200 feet around—leading down to the shore, that has gained the sobriquet of the Devil's Den, the old home of the giant Maushope. Some of the crystals and geological specimens here found were styled by the Indians "Maushope's needles". Across the neck of land connecting Gay Head Point and bluff, with the body of the island, are large and piscatorially valuable ponds,—Menemsha, on the north, Squibnocket, on the south, with Washaquitsa nearly between them. Gay Head has also a humane house, in case of shipwreck, on Squibnocket Beach.

The Vineyard has many good hotels, among them, the Sea-view Hotel, the largest in Cottage City, and located at the head of the wharf; the Highland House, near the Vineyard Highlands wharf; the Pawnee House, on Circuit avenue, the main thoroughfare of Cottage City, and one of the best hotels on the island; the Island House, 118 and 120 Circuit avenue; Scarell's Hotel, the Wesley House, in Commonwealth square, convenient to the camp ground; Naumkeag and Prospect Houses, and many others. In addition to the hotels above mentioned, many cottagers who have sleeping rooms not required by their own immediate families, are accustomed to let such rooms, either with or without board, and it is at such places that the tourist will often find superior accommodations. The island life in these villages of Martha's Vineyard is very animated while the warm season lasts, and the assemblages are made up of representations from every portion of the country. Music and entertainment of every reasonable and seasonable kind abound. Indeed, there is no section where more complete recreation takes place or more desirable results are obtained by the tired "vacationist" than at Cottage City.

NINETEENTH CENT

ademy incorporated, and the building erected. It
reighing 1,000 lbs.) placed in North Tower.
ethodist Society organized.
tion, 5,617.
Bank and two Insurance Offices established.
nitarian Society formed, the Rev. Seth F. Swift, P
shing on account of losing members to the Methodi
ation, 6,807.
Library instituted: Josiah Hussey, Esq., Preside
antucket Gazette issued. It had but a brief exist
ev. Abner Morse, pastor at the North. The Mech
y society, was formed.
ation, 7,266. 72 ships (21,600 tons) engaged in Wh
st Indian died.
bian Library Association formed.
ublic Schools established, and the Coffin School op
ation, 7,202.
ew North Meeting-house erected. Athenæum inco
Fire.
School opened. Great Fire in the town; loss $30
y Church (Episcopal) erected; the Parish having
rt time before by the Rev. Moses Marcus, B. D
lation, 9712.
Fire, July 13 and 14. Whaling declines.
rees planted by Josiah Sturgis.
lation, 8,779.
er Pine groves planted.
ighted for first time on the Island. 1855: Abram
man with Indian blood in him) died.
lation, 6,094.
lation, 4,748. Alumni Association (of High Scho
ized. 800 legal voters.
lation, 4,123.
tucket beginning to be a popular watering place.
steamboats a day during summer, instead of one.
alation, 3,201; 890 legal voters.
m communication between town and Wauwinet.
t temperance movement.
oduction of water supply by the Wannacomet Water
tucket Railroad constructed to Surfside.
tucket Railroad extended to Siasconset.
el "The Nantucket" constructed.
e communication with Nantucket by the U. S. Sig
rice. Consolidation of the N. & C. C. Steamboat
with the N. B., V. & Nant. Steamboat Co., with
... New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard

NANTUCKET.

" Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The venturous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up his boat at last.

. . . . . .

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant forever more
That charity and freedom dwell,
As now, upon her shore! "

Nantucket! The name has been known for generations, it may be said, for centuries, in every part of the United States, and has always been synonymous with, and suggestive of glorious summer pastimes. Only thirty miles from the mainland, and dropped down like a beautiful haven of rest into the midst of the broad Atlantic. Here one may turn his back upon the busy world as effectually as though he had buried himself in an inland wilderness.

TO THE MANNER BORN.

From Oak Bluffs to Nantucket is a delightful sail of a little over two hours. For only a short time the land on either side is out of sight. The approach to the island is a joy and a surprise. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated arrival of the steamers, it never seems to lose its novelty to the islander, and crowds throng to the wharf on every occasion. The town is a quaint, old place, quite unlike any other on the coast, its history dating back to 1635, when the "Plymouth Company" conveyed unto William, Earl of Sterling, Permaquid, and its dependencies on the coast of Maine, together with Long Island and the adjacent

islands. In 1673, the Earl of Sterling made James Forret his agent for selling and settling the islands between Cape Cod and the Hudson River. In 1641, James Forret sold the island of Nantucket to Thomas Mayhew and his son Thomas, for "such an annual acknowledgment as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, the Elder, Esquire, or any other two magistrates of the Massachusetts Bay," etc.

The title of the island being also claimed by Sir Fernando Georges, the elder Mayhew purchased from Richard Vines, the agent of Georges, another conveyance of Nantucket and other islands. In 1659, Thomas Mayhew sold the island to nine others, Coffin, Macy, Hussey, Swain, Barnard, among them, names that are familiar ones in Nantucket at the present time, for the sum of £30 and two beaver hats.

The county of Nantucket includes the islands of Nantucket, Tuckernuck, Gravelly and Muskeget. The township is co-extensive with the limits of the county, and is the only town in Massachusetts that constitutes a county. Nantucket island is fifteen miles long, from east to west, with an average width of three miles, although the eastern shore will measure ten miles from its south-eastern corner at Siasconset, to the end of Great Point. The town proper, is situated on the north side of the island, and has a fine harbor, extending nine miles inland in a north-easterly direction from the town, terminating in a basin, about one mile in width, known as the head of the harbor, and

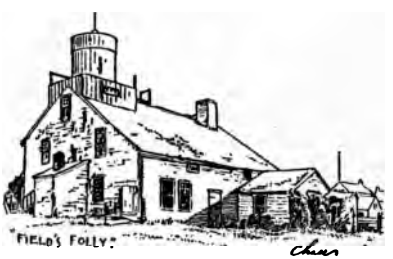
affording pleasant boating and sailing for those who prefer the smooth waters rather than the dashing billows outside. The population of Nantucket at the present time is about four thousand. In 1840, its population was nearly ten thousand, and as a port of maritime importance, Nantucket ranked third on the list of Massachusetts, and in point of wealth per capita, was once the richest town in the state. It was the home of the whale fishery sure, and her white winged messengers carried her oleaginous products to the principal ports of the world, and brought back return cargoes, while others sailed into every sea in quest of the monsters of the deep, discovering new isles, and safe harbors in the remotest parts of the globe. No place in the southern continent, nor in the north seas, nor in the numerous islands of the ocean, where the foot of man has trod, that Nantucketers have not been. Of the many thousands "who went down to the sea in ships," and were brought up in the whaling business and who prospered in their day, but a few remain to tell the exploits of capturing the leviathan, or to count the profits of their daring adventures.

Nantucket was the pioneer in the whaling interests of the country, and formerly owned upward of three hundred vessels, many of them ships, devoted to that industry, and its wharves and docks were scenes of never-ending activity and enterprise. These were the days when the "Long Tom Coffins" and the unique characters which have distinguished her history and

illustrated her peculiarities were in the height of their careers, and the contributions of Nantucket to the marine annals and literature of the world, are characteristic and to the last degree interesting. The flavor and the coloring of these early prosperous days and their pursuits, still remain; but the glory of the place as an aggressive, executive community, with ways and methods of its own originating, and interests carved out and managed for itself, have departed. No square-rigged vessel — hardly indeed a vessel of any kind — now lies at its wharves, and

only the fortunes, or their remnants, the manners and customs, and the remarkable traits which distinguished her people during that famous period, are observable in the Nantucket life of to-day. Auctions, meetings, lectures, and even arrivals, are announced by the town crier, who of himself is a relic of the past. He is almost omnipresent, greeting one first with his fish horn, toot! toot! toot! and then with his bell—ding! ding! ding! He has something to announce at every corner. There is much of historic interest in the old town.

The spot where Tristram Coffin built his first house is marked by a stone properly inscribed. The first homes of Edward Starbuck and Thomas Macy, and others, were in the same vicinity, and evidences of human habitation are still extant. The exact spot where Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born in 1667, is known, and the place where Mary Starbuck organized the first Friend's meeting, in 1704, can be pointed out. The old Parliament House stood near, and the first town house and jail, as well as the First Congregational church, stood still further to the east. On the hill east of Maxcy's pond, the oldest cemetery may be found, with the indentations of graves plainly indicated. Sites of old cemeteries and Indian churches are scattered about the island. The old "Jethro Coffin house," built in 1686, should be called the oldest house. Heavy oak timbers enter into its construction, in some places substantially secured and strengthened by knees, such as enter into the building of ships. The house is said to have been the most elaborate of any then erected. On the chimney is a figure of raised brick work, in shape like an inverted U, which many have supposed to represent a horse-shoe doing guard duty against the witches of the time. However that may be, the oldest house is well worth a visit, as its interior is preserved in much the same style of its original construction, and contains many relics. The house stands on the brow of a hill, in the north part of the town, near the Cliffs, a favorite promenade. There is also an old mill built in 1746. In the Revolutionary war, a ball thrown from a man-of-war entered



at the northeast side, and passed out at the south-west, within a foot of the miller. From the upper story a beautiful view of the island can be obtained.

An institution known as the Nantucket Athenæum, incorporated in 1834, includes a museum and circulating library. A former building, with its entire contents, was burned upon this site in 1846, and many valuable curiosities were lost. The present museum contains an attractive collection, among the curiosities, a sperm whale's jaw, taken from a whale which yielded one hundred and ten barrels of oil. It is seventeen feet in length, weighs 800 pounds, and has forty-six teeth. The library con-

tains between six thousand and seven thousand volumes of well selected literature. Non-proprietors, during a temporary stay on the island, can take books from the library, and have free access to the reading room, by paying fifty cents a month.

Another Nantucket institution is the "Coffin School," established by Sir Isaac Coffin, an English baronet of American birth, who visited Nantucket in 1826, and finding inhabitants of the name of Coffin very numerous, and all like himself, descended from the same English emigrant, Tristram Coffin, conceived the idea of founding a school for the benefit of all persons of whatever name, who were descended from the Coffin ancestor. For this purpose he gave £1,000, and subsequently added to the fund, until it now amounts to $50,000.

The Pacific Club Room is another institution of Nantucket. Many old sea captains congregate there, and while away the days in relating many incidents of their whaling experiences, and strangers are always welcome to the privileges of this room, when introduced by a member.

Nantucket has a number of outlying villages, reached, many of them, by roads across the moors or commons. These roads are meandering, and lead in almost every direction. The drives are pleasant and romantic, if one is fortunate enough to have a guide familiar with localities of historic interest; otherwise, they present only undiversified tracks, without special end in view.

On the narrow neck of beach at the head of the harbor, is situated Wauwinet, a village of a number of summer cottages. It is reached by a sail of six miles, or by a carriage drive of nine miles. It is a charming locality. Five miles west of the town is Madaket. A beautiful harbor is here found; it is a delightful place for fishing, both in the fresh waters of Long Pond, and the salt waters of the harbor. The famous Madaket Ditch connects the waters of Long Pond with the harbor, and through it in their season, pass the perch, herring, smelt and eels. Polpis, is a farming village, considered at one time the finest farming district of the island. Polpis Harbor is a fine resort for shore clams, eels and sometimes, blue-fish. Near this locality, at a place called Quaise is laid the scene of that most remarkable

Nantucket story, entitled, "Miriam Coffin". Eight miles from town, through Polpis, is Sachacha. There are a number of summer cottages here also. A large pond of the same name lies near the ocean line, and at several different periods has been open to the sea. This place, like all the others, has attractions peculiar to itself. At the south-east corner of the island, is Siasconset, a village that might be called a watering-place within a watering-place, the summer resort, the seashore retreat of the Nantucketers. It is a village of cottages, built upon a bluff thirty feet above the sea level. A beach of sand, four hundred feet wide, lies between the bluff and the ocean. From the bluff may be seen many dangerous shoals on which the sea is ever breaking in grand and weird crests of white, and upon which, many a gallant craft has foundered. Siasconset is seven miles from Nantucket town proper, by carriage road, and about eleven miles by the railroad. There are two good hotels and a number of private boarding houses, but the life at Siasconset is emphatically a cottage life. The old village is made up of fishermen's ancient huts transmogrified into pretty villas of modern pretensions. To the north of the village, is Sankaty Head Lighthouse, situated on a high bluff, a revolving light acknowledged to be among the best, and the apparatus the most costly on the coast. The keeper is a type of the islander,—genial, intelligent and courteous, and is always "at home" to the visitor. A drive or a walk to Surfside, on the south shore, about two and one half miles by the road leading near the old mill, and an hour on the beach with the rolling surf at his feet, is a part of the programme that no visitor can afford to omit. Nor is a visit to the cliffs, on the north shore less interesting.

Tuckernuck, a sister island, two and one half miles long, by one mile wide, lying directly west of Nantucket, and forming a part of the town and county of Nantucket, is another favorite resort. It can be reached by sail boats, about ten miles distant from the wharves, or by carriage drive to Madaket, and row-boat

across Madaket harbor. Blue-fishing, for which Nantucket is so famous, may be enjoyed on the beach, on the south shore of the island by the "heave and haul" method, which is simply casting a line among the breakers and hauling in quickly. To enjoy blue-fishing however, to its fullest extent, it is desirable to commit yourself to an experienced "skipper" of whom there is no scarcity. Once on the "ground" one's attention is wholly absorbed by the excitement incidental to the sport. The boatman may perhaps, steer along the north-western shore for Great Point; or, if not successful here, may "double the cape" and run along the eastern shore of the island. Some of these localities, if not all, are pretty sure of giving the sportsman ample enjoyment. Another noted fishing ground is the "Opening," a channel between the western end of Nantucket, and Tuckernuck. Here the tide runs so swiftly that boatmen seldom select this locality, unless there is plenty of wind in the right direction. With a stiff breeze, the breakers are grand, the water in the channel being comparatively shallow. Fairly on the waves you look ahead, and are not a little surprised to see smooth water. "What is this?" you ask. "A slick," replies the boatman. Here is the place to throw your lines. When you have leisure enough and a disposition to enquire into the cause of this singular phenomenon, you will learn that the blue-fish has the faculty of "throwing oil upon the waters", the oil which he exudes producing this effect. If accustomed to blue-fishing, one only needs his experience and his hook and line to bring them on board; but if it is a first attempt, it may be a little difficult to

keep cool. Experience, however, will soon render one as calm as the "slick," after which success is certain. As a sanitarium, Nantucket has few equals. All the benefits of a sea voyage without the discomforts of ship board are here found. A supply of the purest water, drawn from an unfailing spring-fed pond is furnished, so that the two grand conditions of pure air and pure water are entirely met here, and it has been clearly decided, that the benefits to health received here are permanent, and to be carried away and enjoyed by the recipient wherever he may go. The hotels and boarding houses of Nantucket, form together a most significant feature among its desirable qualities. The latest comer on the list is the "Nantucket", built fronting the beach just before Brandt Point is rounded, and its peculiar situation and modern style of architecture renders it one of the notable points long before the island is reached. The Ocean House, catering exclusively to first-class trade; the Sherburne House, centrally located, on elevated ground overlooking the harbor; the Springfield House, are among the dozen other public hotels on the island, all well kept and prepared for guests of every quality, and with the large number of boarding houses, and private families, which in summer devote their surplus rooms and best attentions to guests from abroad, the traveler and summer-seeker may be sure of finding ample accommodations.

CAPE COD.

Quaint Cape Cod! even the name has a flavor of oddity about it, which will illustrate the grim humor of the Pilgrims' delegation selecting it. Fishing in its neighboring waters, the party decided that the first fish caught should give title to the new found cape, and up from the bottom came a good sized cod and "Cape Cod" was immediately christened into existence.

Cape Cod the tip end of Yankee land, a Paradise for five months in the year. Scarcely more than five miles wide in any part; it extends outward from the mainland for upwards of sixty miles, its inner shores washed by the waters of the most picturesque bays known to the world, while the outer coast line presents a barrier to the broad Atlantic. The "Right Arm" of the old Bay State! It is dotted with fine old towns which have'nt yet been spoiled by too many fashionable notions. It has plenty of forests and capes, and even a Simon Pure tribe of Indians. The great cliffs of white, gleaming sand crowned with beneficent light towers, and frowning over far-stretching beaches, from any part of which glorious outlooks upon the ocean may be had. There are cool retreats upon the land, while the waters offer splendid opportunities for boating, bathing and fishing. It boasts good hotels here and there, and hundreds of pretty summer homes built by city people who have fallen in love with its beauties.

The popular idea of Cape Cod, as held by those who have never visited that section, is largely misleading, and it is by no means certain that those who have occasionally made flying trips to its localities have thoroughly appreciated the place. A series of dunes and bluffs miles in extent, heavy sandy roads over which vehicles toil with great difficulty, useless barren plains, a people, coarse, crossgrained and quaint, — these, and such as these, are the attributes popularly credited to this section, and

from estimates too often entertained by intelligent people, who would need but one peep at the actual situation to become disabused of the false notions. It makes little difference in what part of the Cape the summer visitor may decide to tarry, or whether he concludes to visit many portions in turn, he will find peculiar attractions in all. The Cape is connected with the outside world by the Old Colony Railroad, a branch of which runs clear down to Provincetown, on the tip end of the Cape, which doubles up like a fish-hook. Along this singular and circuitous railway one seems always just leaving

some active manufacturing town, until well down on the Cape. At Wareham and Onset Bay, there is an appetizing odor of the sea coming up the broad beach of Buzzard's Bay. Beyond this is all "Cape." Just where Cape Cod curves outwards from the main coast on the Massachusetts Bay shore, lies Sandwich properly, the first town on the Cape. It is sixty miles from Boston. Sandwich is a manufacturing and seaport town combined, and deserves especial mention as a place where one can combine comfort and pleasure with moderate expense, and ease of access, to those

seeking an abiding place through the heated term. Sandwich is a centre for the glass manufacturing industry. As we near the railroad station, the traveler can see from his car windows the mammoth dredges and other ponderous machinery used in excavating for the Cape Cod ship canal, a project, that completed, will confer untold benefits upon all who follow the sea along this coast. Sandwich has about thirty thousand acres of woodland, dotted with miniature lakes; and to the delight of the sportsmen, abounding in game of every description.

On the western shore of Sandwich is Monument Beach, situated at the eastern head of Buzzard's Bay and near the mouth of Monument River.

This place is destined to rank among our first-class watering places at no distant day. Hotels and summer cottages are rapidly accumulating. The beach is hard and smooth, and affords excellent opportunities for bathing. Here, as on the whole coast of Buzzard's Bay, the air is deliciously balmy, and at the same time invigorating. From Monument Beach a boat sail to Burgess Point, a distance of about a mile and a half, or across the eastern shore, can scarcely be equaled. The bay is studded with gems of beauty. That peculiar rural community, made famous in the novel, "Cape Cod Folks," lies just on the dividing line between Plymouth and Sandwich.

Barnstable, the next town that we come to, like all the other Cape towns, wears an air of quiet contentment, cozy homes telling of assured good cheer within, peep out everywhere from deep masses of foliage. These substantial evidences of pluck, thrift and success, mark the highways through this domain.

Cotuit Port, a pretty village within the limits of the town, was one of the first places on the Cape selected as a summer resort by city denizens. It is reached by carriage from the railroad station at West Barnstable. The main street is very pleasantly shaded, and closely bordered by handsome cottages, among them the homes of sea captains who have made their native Cape famous for seamanship and Yankee enterprise.

Off from the street, and approached by avenues through cultivated grounds, are numerous cottages and villas, the summer homes of wealthy city dwellers, who early recognized the beauties of this retreat. The marine views from the promontory of the highlands, where the shore ends abruptly in a bold water front, are among the finest on the coast. A pleasant carriage drive may be had through Centreville, a charming little village, to Hyannis, a pleasant town, named for a friendly sachem, "Iyanough," once the owner of this territory. It is the most southerly village in Massachusetts, and is a fashionable watering place. Summer residences in "fantastic shapes and colors gorgeous" abound on every hand. In this part of the Cape, the Quaker element is found largely in admixture with the population, with all that is thereby implied of thrift, orderly life, and those attributes of progressive well-to-do humanity that mean so much, wherever they are found.

Between Barnstable and Sandwich lies the Indian town of Mashpee, whose territory has a coast on Vineyard Sound, extending from Waquoit Bay to Popponessett Bay. Mashpee is the last remaining home of the Indian representatives on the main land of Southern Massachusetts, and the specimens here to be found, present more of the social and domestic features of the whites than of the original tribal divisions from which they are descended. In their pursuits, they are fishermen. They are a docile and hospitable people.

YARMOUTH, seventy-five miles from Boston. DENNIS, a long narrow town, extending from the ocean on the south to Cape

Cod Bay on the north. HARWICH, on the south side of the Cape. BREWSTER, named for Elder William Brewster. Not one of these towns or these villages but have attracted, since their earliest times, distinguished visitors to themselves during summer days, who could hardly be made to believe that any other spot than some portion of Cape Cod, is fit to breathe upon in summer; at least, during a portion of the time. It may be said here, that nearly all the large towns, excepting Falmouth, Mashpee Harwich, Brewster and Chatham, stretch across the Cape, and have both ocean and bay shores. The advantages growing out of this state of things, both as regards sanitary and pleasure-giving conditions, may readily be estimated. All through this section the tourist may see thousands of acres of land used for the culture of cranberries, and it may be said, that this occupation forms one of the leading industries of Cape Cod.

ORLEANS.

Is an antiquated old town, in which the wind-mill is still used as a motive power. Every town on the Cape except Orleans has its twin, and some, as the Hibernian puts it, has "two of them." You cannot escape it, if you are going to Provincetown, you must pass through the North, South, East, and West of every one of them. But on the map, Orleans stands alone, close by the water on either side. Perhaps its other self was drowned, or else it is a sort of an adopted waif, drifted ashore from some other part of the world. Orleans, however, is a very attractive and pleasant place, much resorted to by summer visitors. In 1626, the Pilgrim ship "Sparrow-Hawk" was wrecked on the shores of Orleans, and covered with mud and sand, until 1863, when her parts were disinterred, put together and exhibited in Boston.

EASTHAM, CHATHAM, WELLFLEET AND TRURO.

Extend from the ocean on one side, to the bay on the other, the railroad passing through nearly the centre of the several towns and in many positions the sea is visible from both sides. These

middle towns of the Cape present special features of enjoyment which can never be understood or appreciated except as matters of experience. The ocean on either side, in storm or calm, the life-saving stations, grouped more thickly on these shores than anywhere else, the singular make-up and groupings of towns and villages, the ancient Yankee manners and customs, render all this section a paradise of summer enjoyment. In three things Cape Cod abounds: pure water, pure air, and pure sand. Almost everyone has heard of the notorious freebooter and pirate, Sam Bellamy, whose cruel exploits were told in song and story, years ago, and whose fate is associated with one of the most remarkable shipwrecks known on the Cape. Early in 1717, he took six vessels near Cape Cod, which he made prizes. On one of these he transferred seven men, who after drinking freely, all fell asleep. Not so the captain of the vessel, who, watching his chance, ran his vessel ashore near Truro, where the seven men were captured,

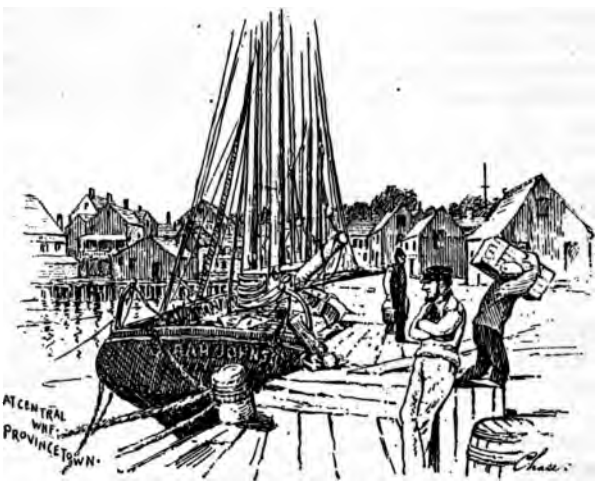
tried before a special court of admiralty in Boston, and executed November 15, 1718. On the 26th of April, only a week or two after taking the seven prizes, Bellamy's ship the "Whida" was driven ashore in a terrible gale, on the shores of Wellfleet, or Eastham, and the whole crew, except two, were drowned. Somewhere near the boundary line between Eastham and Orleans, near the old channel, are buried "One hundred and two men drowned" as we have related; it was current talk on the Cape for years, that one of the two survivors of this disaster, used to visit this locality in disguise, from time to time, to supply himself with money from this wreck. It is

A BIT OF OLD WELLFLEET.

probably a part of the story of Captain Kidd's treasure. To this day however, pennies of that period are picked up. It was in this same gale, that a house on the Isle of Shoals was washed from its foundation and landed on Cape Cod, where it was found, and a box of linen, papers etc., taken out, by which its history was discovered. Lieutenant's Island, in Wellfleet harbor, has lately become quite famous as the scene of operations of the "Cape Cod Bay Land Co." a syndicate of gentlemen who have disposed of hundreds of seashore lots at moderate prices, and have established at this place, what will evidently be, in the near future, a thriving sea shore resort. Some of these Cape Cod settlements are of little later date than that of Plymouth; and it is not unusual to consider all that part of the shore south of Cohasset, as being included in the Cape. In reality, only Barnstable County is included in that charmed section.

PROVINCETOWN.

Cape Cod, the right arm of Massachusetts crooks its elbow at Chatham, and closes its fist at Provincetown. Here land first greeted the Pilgrim Fathers, sixty-six days after their departure from the mouth of the river Plym in old England. Captain John



Smith in his "New England" describes it as a "headland of high hills of sand, overgrown with shrubbie pines, hurts, and such trash . . . . . The Cape is in form of a sickle, on it doth dwell the people of Pawmet, and on the bottom of the Bay the people of Chawum."

Provincetown occupies the extremity—the curling finger—of this cape, and its situation is in every way peculiar. With the exception of a narrow strip or neck of sand-heaps which

unites it to the main cape, it is surrounded by water — the salt water of the Atlantic — which rolls unchecked between its shores and those of Europe. Its coast line, beginning at a point opposite the narrow neck alluded to, sweeps around in a grand circle almost the entire circuit of the compass, its outlines nearly resembling a gigantic capital C. The inclosed water of this circle is the harbor of Provincetown, and the town is built along the inner shore, at the bottom of the basin. Outside is the Race, Wood End, and sundry interesting points of lighthouse, life-saving station, etc., all of vast moment to mariners and ship-owners. Inside is one of the singular harbors of the world, deep enough and spacious enough to shelter a fleet of hundreds of the largest ships at one time; and with peculiarities belonging to itself sufficient to make it famous wherever these ships may sail.

It has been noted by more than one traveler, that strangers coming upon this far-away little community after dark, and whirling away around this corner and that, then up its narrow, smooth and quaint main street to the hotel, are likely to compare it to something foreign. It looks Spanish-like. The nearest approach to it in America is probably Key West. It is in fact first cousin to the Dons, for curiously, its population is largely Portuguese. The adventurous fishers of Fayal, sailing thousands of miles to the "Great Banks" after cod, found Provincetown a good base of supplies and a ready market. So, many of them settled here, and it has followed that they have married and grown familiar here. The sandy-haired, sharp-featured native has taken very kindly to his swarthy, soft-voiced, tropical foster-brother, and as a general thing the two get along famously well together. The stories about its sands are bountifully supplied with material, for it is truly a town of sand. There is sand in level expanses of miles in length, sand in fanciful mounds and broken pyramids, in fragments and pinnacles. But when one reaches the village, its comfortable home-like appearance, with

substantial public buildings, and neat, cosy private dwellings, gives an air of substance and sedate respectability. The village lies between a range of sand-hills and the beach, sheltered from the north and east winds. The one main street is several miles long, with dwelling houses on one side, and on the other, stores, wharves and the beach. From High Pale Hill, back of the town, the prospect is magnificent, the broad Atlantic on one side, a grand view of Massachusetts Bay on the other, at our feet, the weather-beaten, yet neat town, with its numerous, long, spidery wharves, around which are clustered the fleets of fishing boats; beyond, the parti-colored sand-dunes, with the advancing billows ever dashing against them.

The all-pervading feature that would strike the tourist oddly are what we might call "cod fish orchards." In the door yards of the thrifty "Codders," stretched along in rows, are boards covered with the staple product, undergoing the process of curing in the sun. The result is simply to intensify the saline atmosphere and decrease the hotel proprietors' chances of making a profit from his table.

In the hottest season, cool and refreshing breezes may always be had at nightfall.

Sea and harbor fishing may be enjoyed at all times, and the sportsman meets with abundant game, in their season, along the beaches and among the coves and inlets of the best harbor along our coast. Provincetown has a number of good hotels, and our tourist can be certain of finding abundant accommodations, whether he abides here for a day or for the season.

A list of the names of prominent and famous persons, from every walk of life, who with their families every summer make pilgrimage to Cape Cod, might surprise persons who suppose that the representatives of wealth and culture and the highest order of "society" — are only to be found congregated in the great "fashionable" centres, or herding, as it were, in the caravansaries of world-wide renown.

From Wood's Holl to the "jumping off place," are the resorts of the summer houses which distingushed men and women occupy. Here they all enjoy air-baths, sun-baths, or water-baths, — and the other enjoyments peculiar to Old Ocean and his surroundings, and thus lay the foundations of health, that a far inland life cannot thereafter throughout the year, entirely overthrow. All comers here are equally gratified and satisfied with their experiments; the tide of summer visitation is increasing yearly. In short, this whole region now rapidly "making up," has been endowed naturally with summer attractions second to none on the coast, with sanitary and health-giving influences, not surpassed in this country, and no section is so fast growing, in the estimation of travelers and summer visitors as these wonderful shores of CAPE COD.

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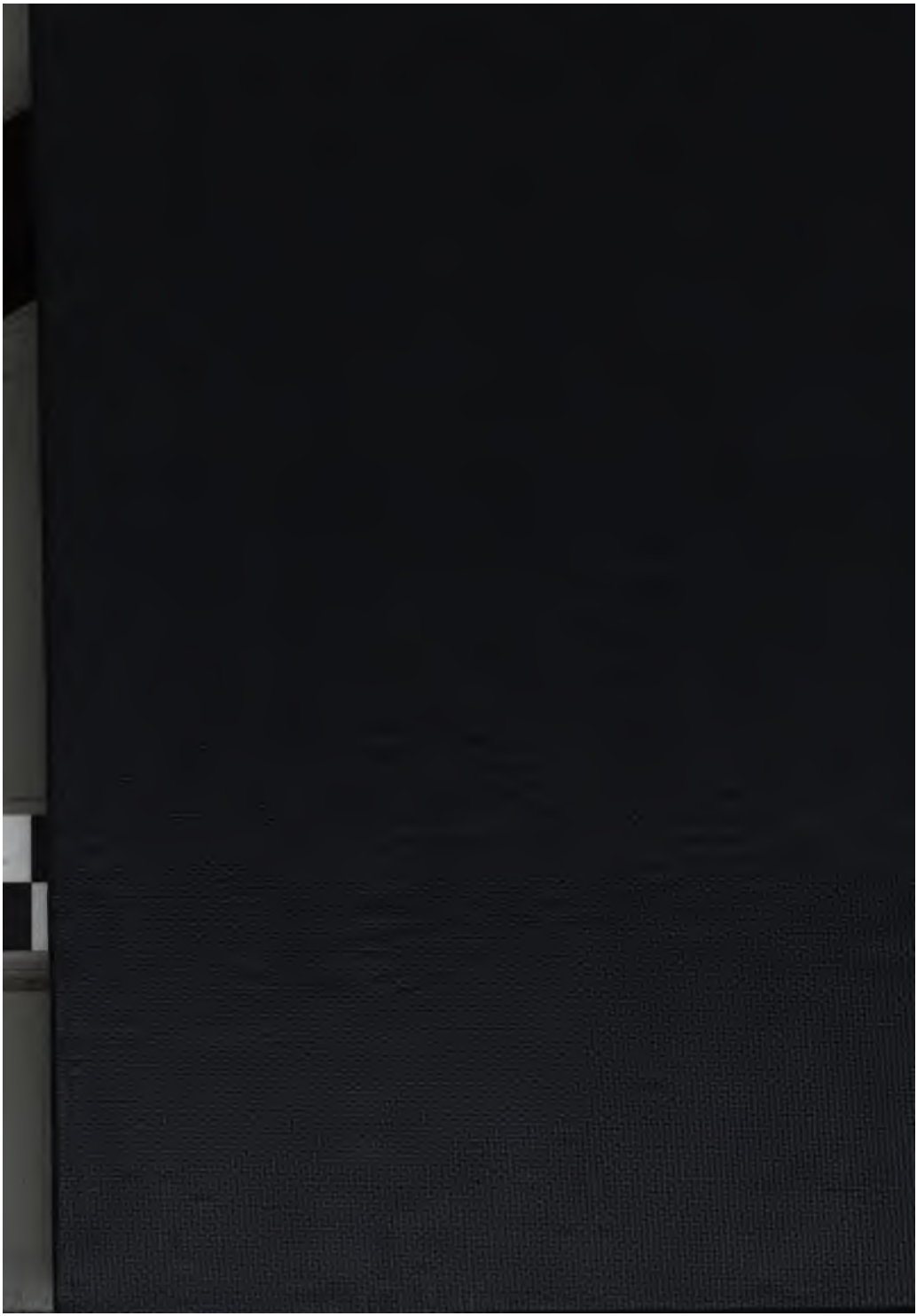
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